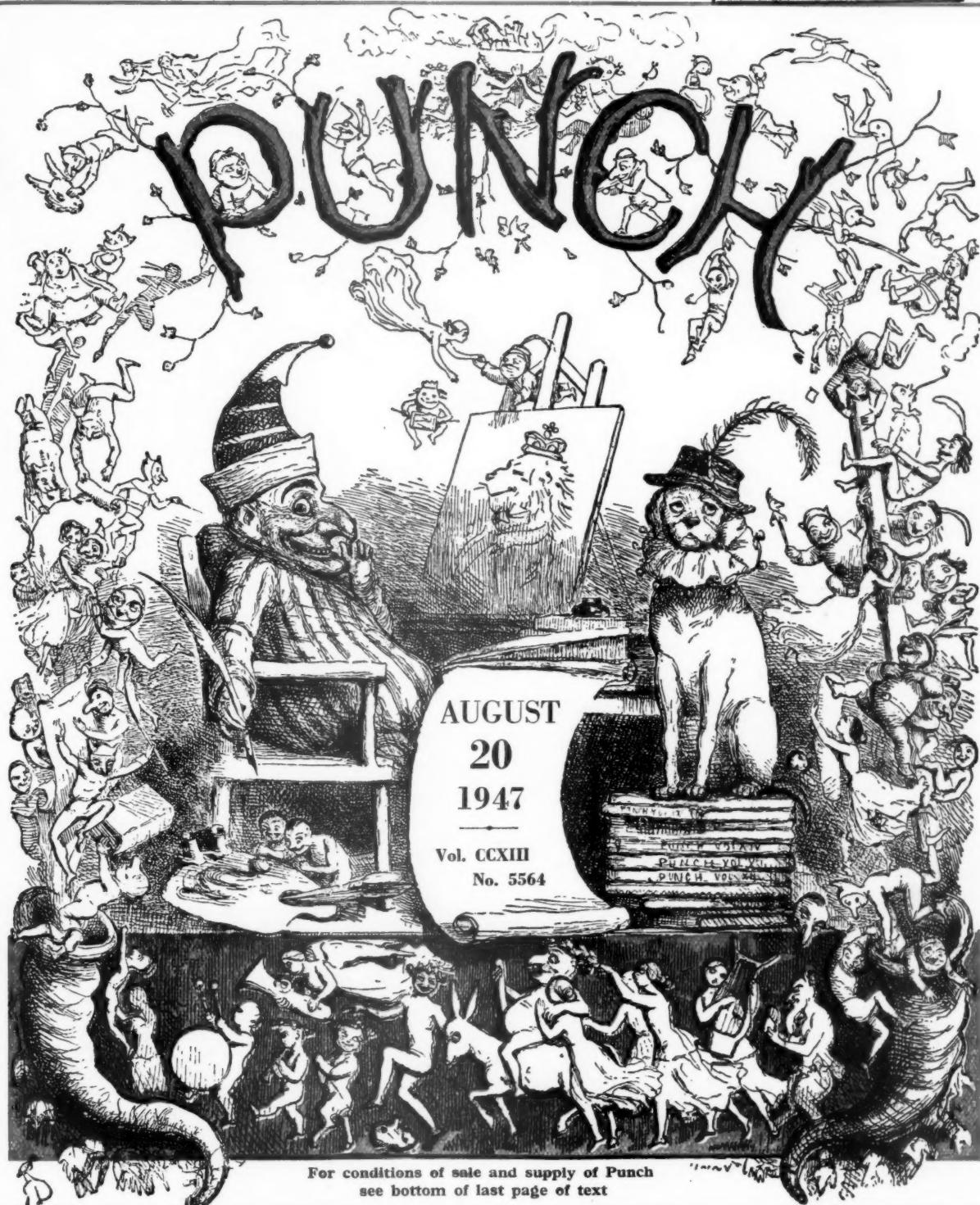


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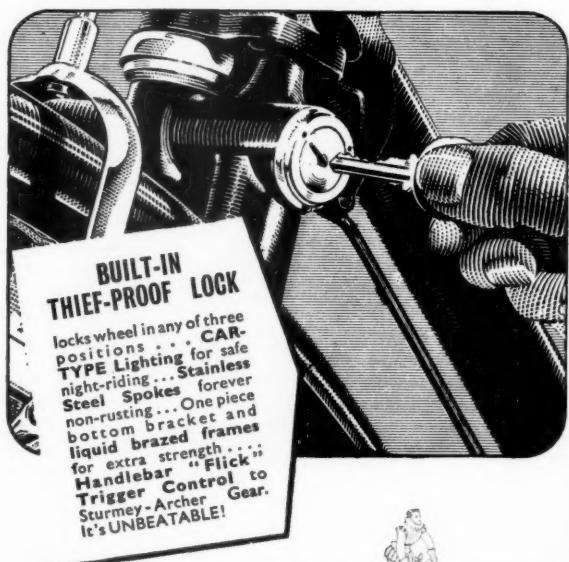
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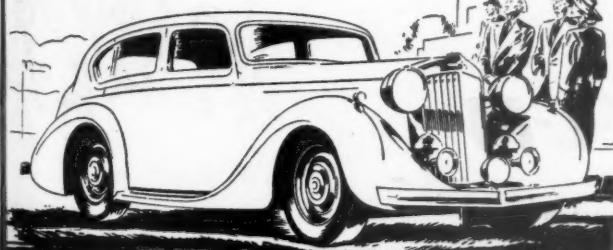
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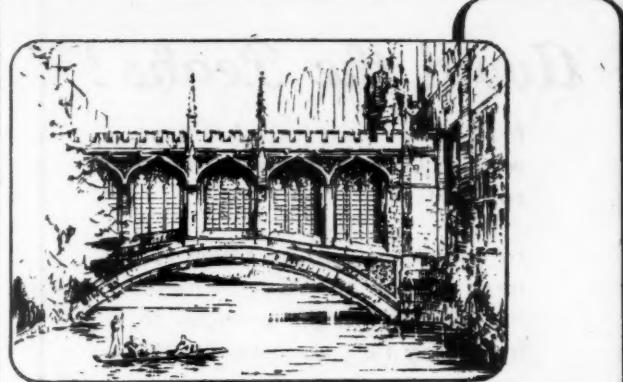
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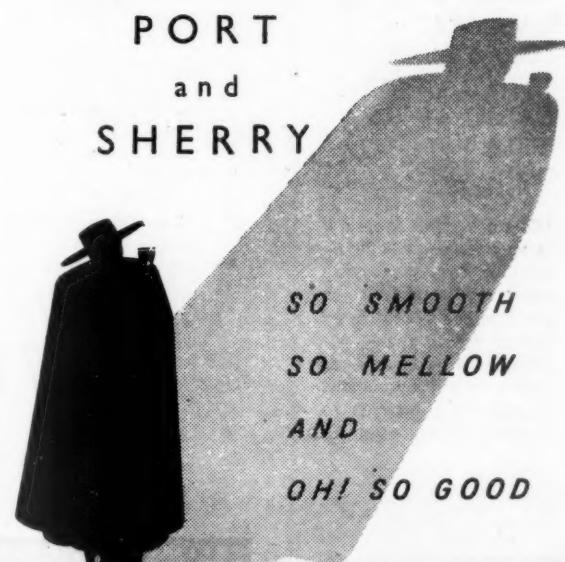
TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE VI

SANDEMAN

P O R T

a n d

S H E R R Y



SO SMOOTH
SO MELLOW
AND
OH! SO GOOD

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BUT

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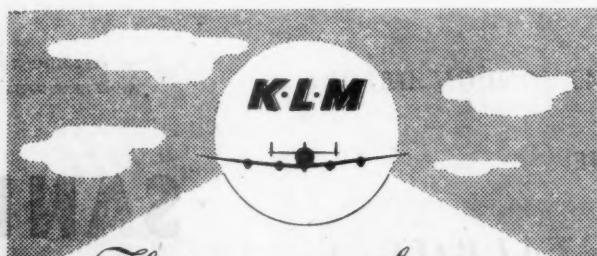
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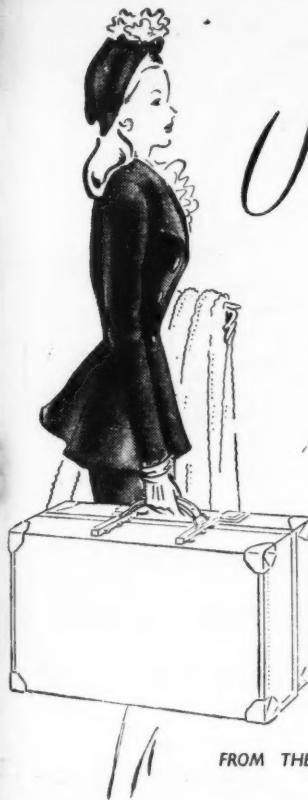
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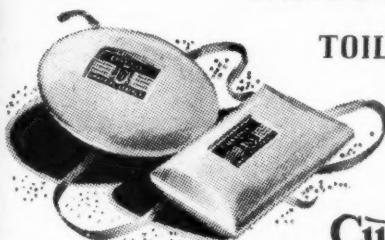


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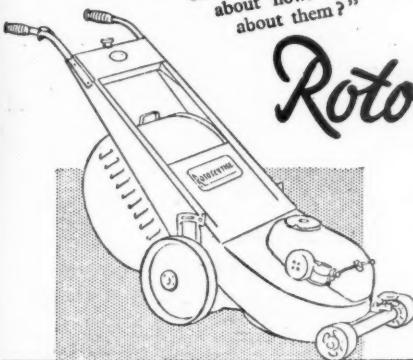
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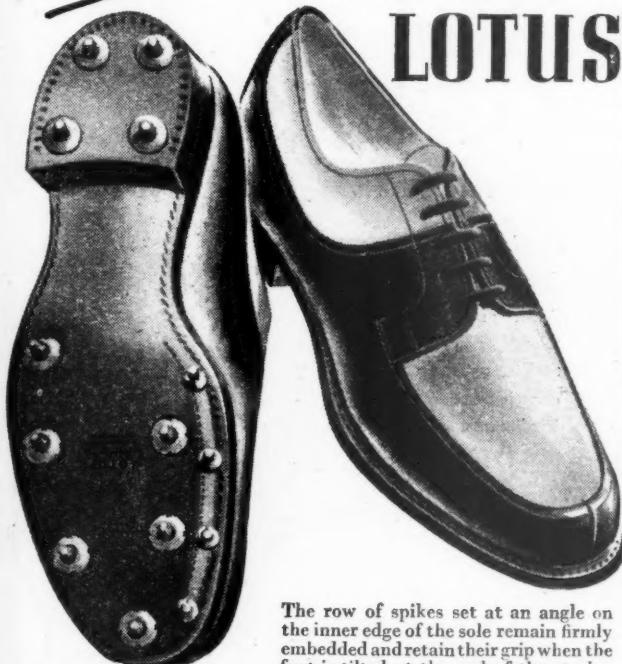


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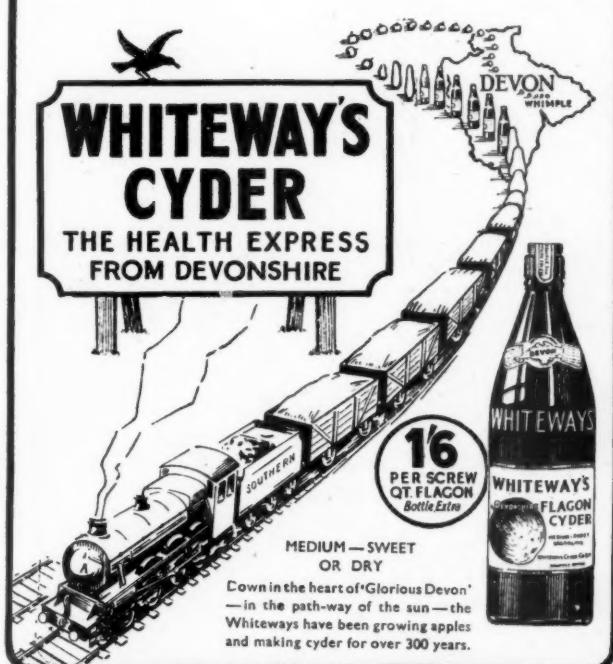
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I wish that I could bowl a wood
To any length required,
And keep it up till sun goes down,
Without my getting tired.

But for a length, you need the strength
To put behind your wood,
Could Guinness do that trick for me?
My woodness . . . yes it good !



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not too much..

*but just right
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PUNNY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI

Vol. CCXIII No. 5564

August 20 1947



Charivaria

WE are convinced that the nation will not shrink from any desperate expedient in order to carry on. Already, a startling suggestion that the film shortage should be met by reviving Ensa has been received with comparative equanimity.

A woman plumber has a son-in-law who is a comedian. Thus the two main sources of English music-hall humour are denied him.



There has been a controversy in a daily paper about the loveliest age of a baby. A practical father favours any age up to the time the little one is old enough to consume its own bacon ration.

"The Swiss Federal Government at a special session to-day expressed to Senora Peron, wife of the Argentine President, regret for the breach of hospitality committed by throwers of tomatoes and stones yesterday and on Monday. Rigorous measures were ordered against the Communists who threw the tomatoes."

"Daily Telegraph."

Was theirs the better aim?

"Railway rolling-stock and equipment will be worth more under nationalization," says a writer. Tickets are expected to increase in value by the beginning of October.



The first prize at a fancy-dress dance—a silver teapot—was won by a man who went as a burglar. This was some time before the function began.

The crisis is evolving measures to overcome the Government.

"Rain interfered with Frinton's match with Felixstowe . . . Troll took chief bowling honours with 31 for four."

East Sussex paper.

Quite a downpour there must have been.



When a suburban house was entered the booty taken consisted of a lawnmower, several books and an umbrella. A former owner is suspected.

Impending Apology

"The Rector and his wife joined us for tea and a very pleasant afternoon soon came to an end . . ."—*Parish magazine.*

"I remember as a child over sixty years ago riding on a huge dromedary along Brighton beach," says a correspondent. Despite its shape we doubt if the Dome was used as a camel garage.

Old Ben

I SUPPOSE I have read more essays and poems about dogs than any man living, and if the words that follow do not rend my readers' hearts, then they have no hearts to rend. Let me go back to the early summer of this year of Grace.

"Here you are," said my brother, pushing a daily paper at me. "They've discovered a Talking Dog."

I was not deeply interested at the time. I was eating a trout. A trout, according to the *Vicomte de Mauduit's* cookery-book, should be rolled in dry flour and fried in hot olive oil. It should also have a dozen hot mussels arranged round it on the dish. My trout was more lonely. But it was sufficiently interesting, because I had caught it myself, to distract my full attention from Talking Dogs.

"What does it talk about?" I said.

"It says 'Oh, I do want one.'"

I told him I had heard him make brighter remarks than that himself when at the top of his form. It was perfectly true and there was no reason to take offence. We cannot all be epigrammatists. But in some kind of argument which followed, that particular issue of that newspaper was greatly damaged. You cannot read about a Talking Dog when it has got warm milk all over it. But a day or two afterwards I made a more searching inquiry into the whole affair. The dog, whose name appeared to be Ben, belonged to a Mr. Alfred Brissenden of Royston in Hertfordshire, and journalists, if not scientists, had been hastily summoned to verify its conversational powers. At first it was shy. But after a while it overcame its natural diffidence and flung reticence to the winds.

"Oh," it said again, "I want one."

That is all that I remember during the early part of June, except that there was a photograph of the dog looking fairly modest and unconcerned. It was a fox-terrier, and had quite short hair. I did not expect to hear of it again. It takes a good many crises in the newspaper world to remove a good dog from the more important pages, but these crises did occur.

And now in August I have further information about the dog Ben. It is the commercial side of his career which is being emphasized.

Since his first torrent of loquacity he has given, it appears, five broadcasts, and figured in a short film. He has been televised. He did not appear before the Royal Commission on the Press, nor has he taken part in any

Brains Trust, or in any symposium of editors. But he has slightly extended his repertoire.

His latest utterance is thus recorded by his master in the morning press—

One day I was in the kitchen and someone shouted "Alf." I thought it was young Dennis. Then the voice came again. "Alf, I want one. Oh, I do want one."

It was Old Ben. "Good dog," I said, excited. "Say it again." And he did.

The problem that has now arisen is only too familiar in the world of art and letters. Old Ben has had travelling expenses. He has acquired a fan mail, and fans do not trouble to send postage stamps for reply in their letters. Old Ben has earned about two hundred pounds, but his master is retiring from work, and there is some danger that Old Ben may have to be sold. I do not know when my deeper feelings have been so vastly stirred during any August vacation. The sea-serpent, after all, be it that of Loch Ness or any other, has never given tongue. Still less has it attempted to make speeches either to private interviewers or to representatives of the Press. A morose animal, and a taciturn. And yet here is Old Ben with his continual heart-cry echoing in my ears, and doomed, apparently, owing to the relentless pressure of economics to leave his well-loved home. Feted, filmed, for a few brief weeks the idol of the air, Old Ben hardly earns his keep.

I make a plea for Old Ben. He should, I think, be nationalized. Just as at the beginning of those American films that we knew so well an aged lion moves his head for an instant and utters his familiar and popular roar, so I think we should see the face of Old Ben and hear his poignant "Oh, I do want one" before every propaganda film which is issued by Government departments.

For is not his cry the epitome of all the troubles of our time, our sorry tale of shortages, our endless waits in uncountable queues, our desire for more dollars, more work, more coal, more food? Tears blot the page as I write this, for I always weep at a sentimental film. With a little trouble I think Old Ben thus pictured could even be taught to extend his oratory a little further. If he can say (and he has said) "Alf, I do want one," could he not as easily say "Clem, I do want one"? Or even in sterner and more self-reliant mood to bark out to us that greatest of Government war-cries: "Wuff or Want"?

EVOE.

Cliff

A T the cliff edge
the land crumbles
into the sea
and the mind stumbles.

The gulls are thoughts
cruel,
and keen,
hungry and random
and serene,
free of the frightening
element—
height without depth,
width without breadth—
where on the air

the fulmar leans
his breast in repose
without content.

Four hundred feet down
through air as sheer
as the cliff-face,
and rock-pool clear
the water covers
the shingle-slope
like a slide prepared
for a microscope.

One step between
the earth and sky
and—the sickening plunge.

What draws my eye
in vertigo downwards
as the moon pulls
the tide?
Ask not the screaming gulls:
they fill with wings
the horizon-fine
half-infinite dividing-line
marking the land off
from the sea—
but thought itself's a boundary,
between infinities—
birth and death:
on the cliff edge, men draw their
breath.

R. C. S.



THE WOLVES AND THE EAGLE



Wolfhound Worries Holiday-maker.

HALF a second later Kanak's fangs sank deep into the caribou's neck and a hot gush of blood temporarily blinded the great wolfhound as he sought relentlessly for the death-grip that would snap Querepa's spinal cord as easily as a blade of bula grass is crushed beneath the roaming feet of Moka the bandicoot.

I rolled over on the warm sand and concentrated my gaze on a slim white sail far out in the Channel.

His fierce hunger appeared at last, Kanak tore off a sizeable lump of the still quivering flesh, for his mate, he knew, had tasted nothing since dawn the previous day, and with a warning snarl at the waiting jackals, turned his long lean muzzle towards the heights of Melancholy Ridge.

The frayed ends of a bathing towel stuffed into the ears afford a certain measure of protection. But on a hot day the feeling of suffocation rapidly becomes insupportable. The voice went smoothly on:

Kanak bared his white teeth in a silent grin of rage. Old Toomba waited, gaunt and menacing in the moonlight. Wise in the experience of a hundred combats, his huge flanks slashed and scarred with the mementoes of innumerable fights . . .

Who the devil was Old Toomba? I dug my toes into the sand and bent my energies to the task of balancing a small white stone on top of a knobbly brown one. It fell off.

Instinct, the strange primeval lore of the wild, told him that one sweep of those terrible claws could rip open his pulsating . . .

Hey!

Could Toomba perhaps be a grizzly?

For a fraction of a second Old Toomba relaxed his vigilance and Kanak, sensing his opportunity, launched himself like a grey streak of lightning straight at the formidable bulk of the lord of Melancholy Ridge. Two hundred and forty pounds of iron-hard bone and muscle struck Toomba just below the shoulder, rolling him over on his back.

I rolled over on my own back and cast a fleeting glance at the reader. Grey trousers, blue shirt open at the neck, a bald head—so much I saw. And his two cubs sitting cross-legged at his feet.

Excruciating anguish flayed the wolfhound's nerves as Old Toomba's powerful jaws closed over the upper portion of his unguarded right hind-leg. His long neck wrenched and strained, gleaming fangs scimitared in the moonlight, and

Toomba's rust-red left ear hung in tatters as a scream of blind rage sent the watching Capachooks scuttering in terror back to the safety of the tapeta bushes. Pain from the crushed bone . . .

Golly!

I raised my one hundred and thirty-six pounds of skin and bone from the clinging sand and stood irresolute. Obviously the first essential was to get out of earshot of this gruesome conflict. One does not undertake the expense and fatigue of a seaside holiday to have one's ears assaulted by the sound of splintering bones. I gave an impression therefore of a man who suddenly remembers that he has an appointment at the far end of the beach—an easy enough thing to do when carrying a wrist-watch, but calling for a little more finesse when your sole property (in the stage sense) is a yellow towel with blue stripes down it. This is the procedure I recommend. Draw in the sand with the side of your foot a line pointing directly out to sea and mark its farther extremity S, adding in brackets after it, if you wish (NOON). Then from the point of origin make a second line aimed at the present position of the sun, scribble "+2" on a spare piece of sand, to show that you have not forgotten about summer time and, as an after-thought, add 3 and 9 o'clock to the diagram. Narrow the eyes in thought. Then with a muffled exclamation sling the towel over your shoulder and stride rapidly away along a line parallel with the margin of the sea.

I shall find a place, I thought to myself as I moved along, among the rocks where last year we had a sandwich snatched by a sea-gull. Old Toomba indeed! A fat chance a creature with a name like that had against two hundred and forty pounds of fighting-mad bone and muscle.

That grip on the hind-leg was awkward, though.

A light breeze rippled the surface of the water. The sand beneath my rope-soled shoes was firm enough for easy walking. This is better, I told myself, than waiting for a No. 76 outside Waterloo Station. And as for this Kanak, surely a wolfhound of his standing . . . I mean he had only to sink his fangs in some vital spot and the long tyranny of the lord of Melancholy Ridge would be over. Of course he would have to lie up a bit with that leg. There is no mercy in the Wild, if I remembered my early reading correctly, for the maimed and the sick. But there was his mate to help him; she would bring in a bandicoot or two, no doubt, to tide them over while the wound was healing. In any case, dash it all, it was no affair of mine.

A minute later I was walking back the way I had come. If the book happened to be from the local library and if as I passed behind them I could get a glimpse of the title, perhaps, later on . . . I dropped my pace to a saunter.

The pain of his wounds was easier now (Good!) and the keen night air sent a tingle of reviving energy through Kanak's great frame as he limped his way up and ever up to the lonely den where Marraba would be awaiting him. But he was desperately tired.

If the man would take his fat thumb off the page, I might have a chance of seeing something.

Perhaps it was because of his great weariness that Kanak's sensitive ears and nostrils, normally alert to bring him intelligence of a thousand sounds and smells in the busy, secret life of Melancholy Ridge, failed to give him warning of the great black shape that crouched, quivering with blood-lust, on an overhanging—

"Not Paponeekin the puma?" I cried in dismay.

I swear I never meant to speak out loud. The bald-headed man laid down his book and turned open-mouthed to see what had interrupted him. He could not have looked more astonished if I had gripped the upper portion of his right leg in my powerful jaws. As for his cubs, they clearly

expected that the overlordship of Shingleton Bay was now about to be settled once for all. I suppose I could have attempted some sort of explanation. I dare say I could have started a long rigmarole about not being able to help overhearing. But I didn't. I confess I played the jackal. I simply broke into a tireless, loping run along a line pointing directly out to sea and launched my lean grey shape into the waves.

It was pure bad luck that I landed slap on top of Donald the inflated duck.

H. F. E.

• • •

Collared Cop

LARGE are the tidings noised about
By a justly excited Press
That our gallant police will soon turn out
In collars and ties, no less.

By thoughtful minds it has long been held
That it's pretty near time they did,
That the stuffed-up choker's a thing of old
Of which they may well be rid.

And it's further clear that the plain-clothes 'tee
(Superior cop, you'll mark)
Performs his task with a loosened neck
As free as a mountain lark.

So all will be well no doubt. And yet
I feel in my inmost heart
That his garment (being unique) has set
The peeler a thing apart.

He moves among us austere and grave,
A stiffened and stark reproof
To those with a leaning to misbehave,
Majestic, unlike, aloof.

But loosen him up with collar and tie,
A man among other men,
The awe may lessen, the reverence die,
And where should we all be then?

Yet, no. Let the trespasser take good heed.
This freedom, with luck, should win
A useful additional turn of speed
For running the naughty in. DUM-DUM.



At the Pictures

Holiday Camp—Dancing With Crime—Where There's Life

THE parts of the plot of *Holiday Camp* (Director: KENNETH ANNAKIN) fit with rather questionable neatness into the holiday period—I'm not



[*Holiday Camp*]

READY FOR ANYTHING

Mrs. Huggett KATHLEEN HARRISON
Joe Huggett JACK WARNER

quite sure how long it is supposed to be—that the handful of principal characters happen to be spending at the camp concerned. Everything begins on the first day, all is folded up on the last . . . it's a bit cut-and-dried. One may quarrel too with the over-anxiety that prompted the introduction of an incognito murderer among the rollicking crowds, for fear that there might not otherwise have been enough excitement and suspense; the mood of that kind of violence belongs to quite a different story. Apart from these things, the film is good and highly entertaining, and no doubt gives a faithful impression of one (it is actually the one, our indefatigable correspondent tells me, that he spent a night at and wrote about in these pages three or four weeks ago: the film was made there) of the vast, noisy centres of efficient and organized gaiety now dotted about the land. A faithful impression: it will, I dare say, confirm in his distaste everybody who isn't the type for this kind of place—but I don't

they have ever had since their honeymoon, are the brilliant best of a competent cast.

One thing at least will be possible if a great many people see the Paramount-British production *Dancing With Crime* (Director: JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS): there will be a common reference when somebody asks for a definition of a spiv. One will just say "Well—you know the man who gets murdered in *Dancing With Crime*?" This part is very well and amusingly played by BILL ROWBOTHAM; he represents, as it were, the sympathetic spiv, but he shows all the characteristic attributes well enough to indicate how disagreeable they would be in a less pleasant personality. It is not a big part, and it was not meant presumably to be particularly memorable; but as the story considered as a whole is hardly more than another of those dance-hall-

and-underworld mix-ups, Mr. ROWBOTHAM's portrait stays in my mind as about the brightest bit of it. He disappears from the film before the plot really gets going: the springs of the narrative are the efforts of a taxi-driver (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH)—and, of course, his girl (SHEILA SIM)—to track down the murderer. Some of the dance-hall stuff is well done, and skilful players do what they can with the familiar situations; but apart from Mr. ROWBOTHAM the piece is fairly undistinguished.

The new Bob Hope is quite enjoyable, suffering only (in my view) from too much plot taken too seriously from time to time. *Where There's Life* (Director: SIDNEY LANFIELD)—the credit titles use all their ingenuity of display to make sure that you don't miss the implied bit of word-play there—has Mr. HOPE as the American heir to a Ruritanian throne, pursued on his wedding-day by emissaries from Europe, some of whom want to take him back to the throne and some to shoot him dead. Just to keep you interested, the neglected bride's brother (WILLIAM BENDIX) is also out for his blood, and one of the emissaries is a beautiful young woman (SIGNE HASSO). Add to this that his advice to anyone being stared in the face by death is "Well—look the other way," and you have a rough idea of what goes on.

The usual allusion to Bing Crosby (now a trade-mark on Bob Hope films) doesn't involve the great man's appearance in person; his picture on a poster is enough for the laugh. R. M.



[*Where There's Life*
HOODWORK
Michael Valentine. BOB HOPE

Home for the Hols

THE Return from School is an incident or, rather, a series of incidents, which with each holidays—I mean hols—may vary but never differs. On the appointed day, always surprisingly early, the gate clicks, Goof comes down the path with a diminutive attaché case, is met by his mother, kisses her, goes slightly red and says "Caught the 6.45 (or 5.45 or 4.45) this morning," and she replies "Good. You're in time for elevenses." The sister Goove then comes or, rather, leaps out of the house, says "Hello, me boy—there's a boiled egg for you, lucky hound!" they both grin and go slightly redder and the first ceremonial is complete. The boiled egg of course is a recognition of the fact that Goof has got up so very early that he has had nothing to eat, practically, since the crack of dawn—except cocoa and biscuits before he left School House, breakfast on the train and a couple of sandwiches at Waterloo; so he is, naturally, famished.

The diminutive attaché case will now be opened, and from it will be extracted a heavy tome, which occupies nearly all the space. This will be a catalogue—a stamp catalogue, model airplane catalogue or fishing-tackle catalogue, but always a catalogue, and it will at once be opened to show the item which has been chosen for his parents to select as a birthday present. Goof, by now eating heartily, will ask what there is going to be for lunch and his mother will say "Surely you've brought more than *one* handkerchief," while viewing with aversion the pyjama-toothpaste combination which fills the rest of the attaché case. Goof will say "Hey, steady with those pyjamas, there's three smashing birds' eggs inside them; it's all right about the handkerchief because my trunk ought to be here by then," and this masterpiece of condensed English will be understood by all concerned.

The sister Goove has in the meantime read through the fishing-tackle catalogue, saying "Isn't that wizard, what is it?" about such illustrations as take her eye, and now abruptly departs to the piano in the next room and plays "The Laughing Rill" loudly, incorrectly and twice. She then reappears with the two part-worn Comma butterflies that represent her season's catch, and with a table-mat of drawn-thread work almost complete, and deposits these in front of Goof. It is thus his turn to say "Aren't they wizard—what are they?" and honour is satisfied all round.

There will now follow a lightning tour of the bedroom, the attic and the garage, to check up on what damage the grown-ups and their hirelings are assumed to have done during his absence to Goof's "Night Eagle" glider, chemistry set and portable canoe; and the necessary loud complaints will be entered. A telephone call to the remote hamlet where the friend Tinker lives will suddenly be made as a matter of urgency, to settle the place of meeting on Thursday fortnight for some cricket match that they have arranged to see. The children will be stood back to back to see who's grown the more since last hols and a slight wrestling-match will inevitably ensue. It is now ten minutes to lunch-time, Goof will say "Let's play tennis," and will only be prevented from that or some similarly timeless undertaking by the fact that the gong goes while he is still searching for the necessary implements.

The whole house by now is satisfactorily untidy; the pyjamas are on the piano, the fishing-tackle catalogue with the newspapers, some maps and birds' eggs and the paddle of the portable canoe are on the couch, tennis-rackets are all over the study floor and the one handkerchief is on the dining-room table. It is in fact difficult to believe that Goof has been home for only a matter of hours, so thoroughly has the holiday aspect of the home been established. By the time that the hard-working father returns from the office things have so far progressed that he has first to adjust with some vigour a loud "you did—I didn't" battle between his offspring before he can welcome his heir with becoming affection and the even succession of events be resumed.

Towards evening, tactfully framed questions on the term's work, place in form and future prospects will have produced no information worth while, but the chemistry master, the School shop and the J.T.C. will have been exposed in detail for the worthless shams they are; a further meal will have been consumed, revealing once and for all that there is nothing accidental, occasional or escapable in the threat to the larder over the next few weeks. Later on there will be the first of the nightly arguments on what is a reasonable bed-time, causing as they all do a sufficiently long postponement of the bed-time itself to satisfy amour-propre. The final landmark—or is it watermark?—of this first day is the bath, when the question "Is it

a bruise or just plain dirt?" has to be settled; we call it the debate on Distressed and Slum Areas.

All is now set for the normal hols, except for the arrival of the Trunk. Four days later this turns up, the contents are divided into three piles known respectively as Cope, Soap and Hope, the crisis-indicator swings sharply to "Coupons" and—well, Goof is *really* home.

• •

Notice re Volunteers

HARVEST helpers are legion in this region, from the volunteer camp people to the self-helpers in cars and on foot-cycle at week-ends gathering eggs and the like. Organization has been apt to get overlapped between these two types, which are hard to distinguish short of branding, and the regular farm men are hard put to it to keep tally of their flock. More than once a bona-fide labourer has been put in charge of instructing a camp party on hoeing cabbages, only to find half-way through the day that he is having lessons from casual trippers on trapping rabbits. These also provoke poultry across the furrows in the hope that the bumps will make them lay in out-of-the-way places, with entire disregard for upsetting the hoeing party's formation even when they resist joining in with the hoes.

Transport again is so varied, from the Army-type camp vehicles to whatever the farmer can provide on wheels, and this again conflicts with what week-enders may have bought at service-sales. Certain elements have gone to the length of deliberately disguising their vehicles as farm conveyances in the hope of getting their gardens dug or street-vending carts filled, but these cases do not occur twice on the same farmer.

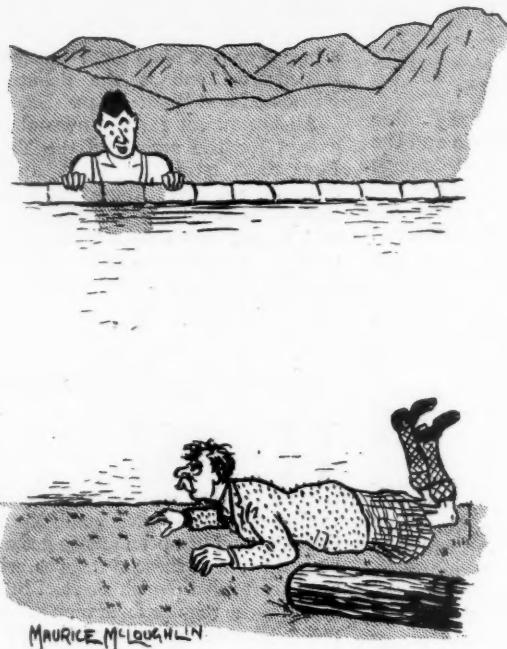
Ways out of these misunderstandings have been threshed over, and opinion is that Mr. Tingle has spilled a baleful when he says that the only thing of any avail is for week-enders to stop at work in the towns for a seven-day week, and for campers to work longer holidays.

J. TINGLE,
Agricultural Jury.

• •

"Staff Manager required for London retail store.—Only those with actual up-to-date experience as manager or assistant manager need not write."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

There should be quite a post in the morning.



"Could we have our caber, please?"

More Origins

ONE of the origins I didn't tell you about last time was the origin of the mackintosh. This was, it is safe to assume, invented by someone called Mackintosh and feeling fed up, but why I want to mention it is because the word is gradually changing to macintosh, or even raincoat, which is no way to treat one of those names whose owners are so keen on having them spelt exactly right, but an interesting example of word-history being made before our eyes. This reminds me that, while no one knows anything about Mackintosh, everyone knows all about the Macadam who invented macadamized roads; for he is thought of universally as the man who invented this sort of road, and is seen as someone standing by a barrel of tar against some dour uplands.

THE origins of some departments of literature are interesting; the novel, for example. The world before there were novels was a world in which people messed through life the best way they could, just as they do now; and there arose a general idea that this was not good enough. So someone had the notion of taking an imaginary person and working out what that person's life would have been given every opportunity for everything happening when it should. I mean, a person waiting for the post with a vague foreboding that to-day will bring something exciting is almost certain, in real life, to be greeted with a circular saying how you can have your carpets cleaned at home. But in a novel this can be got round. Similarly, people in novels do not share a railway compartment with a bushy-eyebrowed stranger nursing a suspicious suitcase and never see or hear of him again because he gets out at Andover; but in real life you have to put up with this sort of thing all the time. Then, in real life again, look how easy it is for two people with the

same Christian name to become friends, and think how silly they must feel calling each other by their own name. You don't have that situation in novels. I think I have proved that the origin of the novel is deeply-rooted and inevitable, which is more than we can honestly say of the sonnet.

The purpose of the sonnet, as I hope we all know, is to last for fourteen lines. Why fourteen, ordinary people do not bother about. They simply accept that someone decided on fourteen and not too many rhymes (adding of course that when Shakespeare turned up he could alter things a bit) with the result that the average sonnet needs as much planning and marking out as a tennis tournament. However, the incentive to sonnet-writing, the knowledge that if we do it at all we shall have done it right, makes it a terrific achievement, and the sonneteer who can say casually at breakfast "I wrote a sonnet last night" is entitled to be looked at for the rest of the day as no less a person than someone who has written a sonnet.

The origin of the limerick is of course Edward Lear; I mean, people wait for someone to say so and then cast round for earlier examples. The origin of most nursery rhymes is lost in obscurity, which means that their historical causes are known only to swotters. Odes, or rather long, tense poems to or about some particular thing or person, are the natural result of a poet thinking about that particular thing or person for as long as it takes to get started, and then letting rip. The only other thing I need say about poetry is to remind readers that the origin of rhymes like "love" and "move" may have been a very human wish to make a poet's life just a little less of a grind.

MOVING on to journalism, I want to mention one or two points about newspapers. The origin of the inner page or pages of a newspaper is or was to show up the character of the sort of person who bunches them up when turning the paper inside out. The origin of the way the date is tucked away in the top corner of most pages of newspapers is to fix it in our minds by the time we find it; and it is funny that no one has ever looked for the date on a paper without wondering why to-day it has moved so far over and gone so tiny. As for the way newspapers print Oxford-street where people would say Oxford Street, this may be attributed to the fact that when it comes to a difference of opinion about anything in print the side with the printing-press is bound to win.

WHAT of the art world? Why are some pictures painted in water-colours when oil paint, which is rainproof and will last for years, seems the sensible choice? Well, water-colours were invented to give plodders, as opposed to brush-slappers, the chance of getting a lovely even sky with paint-water and blotting-paper. Gouache (a word that will have knocked my readers sideways) was invented so that some members of the public may frighten others by knowing it. Many people think it is some kind of cowboy or fruit jelly, but experts assure us this is not so.

As for the world of music, all I want to say here is a word about the black notes on a piano. These were probably invented to provide more sounds than you can get from using the white notes alone, but most pianists believe them to be nothing more than the cause of sharps and flats—perhaps because these are black too—and many a performer, darting a worried glance at the little dark tangle to the left of the music, is thinking that all this would not be happening if the black notes were painted on the white as in those nice little pianos we begin life with.

TAKING a look at some of the common objects of the home, we may find ourselves wondering why carpets so often have a fringe each end. Frankly I don't know, unless it is to use up the bits, but it may help to point out that bath-towels and Pekineses have it too. This reminds me that no one has ever answered a question which, to do justice to the situation, has never been asked on a large scale: Why do cocker spaniels have the ears they do? One theory is that they are meant to be burr-traps, and if so, they do their job well; but a better is that they give the dogs' owners a chance of feeling kind by buying them ear-proof eating-bowls. Dachshunds' tails have a more obvious reason: they bring the eye to a gradual stop. Going back to carpets, I must explain how waste-paper-baskets come by their circumferences. The circumference of a waste-paper-basket is just small enough for people throwing away scrunched-up papers to feel that they have not made enough of their unerring eye; and the fact that a waste-paper-basket can be as wide as you like shows how conceited people are.

Finally, I must explain how the cheese-dish—that instantly recognizable affair—was invented. Its shape and size are the direct result of experience. Its inventor—this was in the days when you could—went and asked a grocer for some cheese, being careful not to say how much, and came home and built a little china hut over the result, thus creating something as functional as the four-storied cake-stand. I don't have to explain the origin of that; I need only remind my readers what they would think of anyone who put the bread-and-butter on the bottom floor.

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Getting Off

I HAVE taken to cycling again after a lapse of a generation,

How long I hardly care to tell,
And on the whole, taking everything into consideration,
I am getting on fairly well;
Getting on, in fact, I don't find at all harassing,
I can stick on too, easily enough,
But the thing that I do find rather embarrassing
Is that I can't get off.

All kinds of things happen when I take my feet off the pedals;

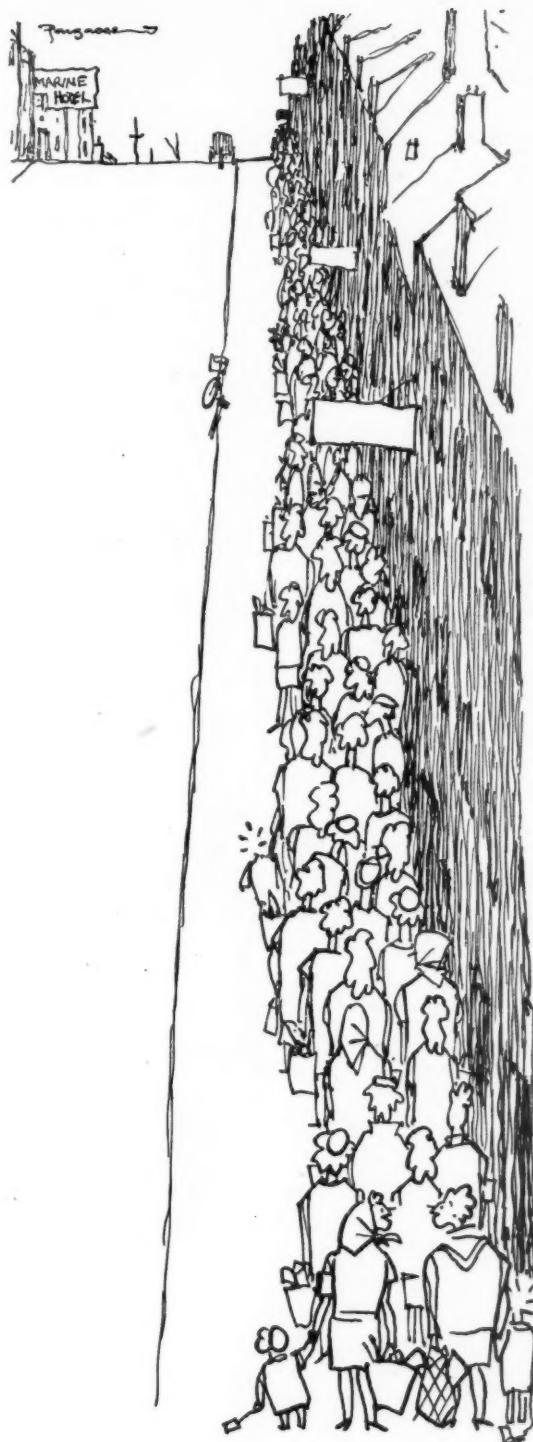
Sometimes I stand on one leg like a goose;
Sometimes I plunge head-first into a bed of nettles,
Which is not just what one would choose;
Now and then I fetch up all standing
Against a bank or a stone wall,
And occasionally I execute an out-and-out pancake landing
Which is not nice at all.

I seem to remember hopping off easily and lightly,
I can't imagine how,
With a kind of curtseying motion, most graceful and
sprightly,

But I can't do it now.
Still, I keep on trying with grim desperation,
Though the going's rather rough,
And thinking all the time how I shall enjoy the
sensation.

When I remember how to get off.

C. F. S.



"Morning, ducks—having a nice holiday?"

An Innocent in Britain

(Mr. Punch's special correspondent is on tour to find out how the land lies for visitors from overseas.)

XI—Blackpool

EVEN people who have never experienced Blackpool know that its two major attractions are the Tower and the ozone. The Tower is something unique, something of which every Englishman, whether he admires or despises the Blackpool way of life, is secretly proud. It is at least some kind of answer to the Eiffel Tower and the Empire State Building. The ozone is unique too. Other resorts may claim that their atmosphere is heavily impregnated with the stuff and support their claims with convincing reports from the public analyst, but Blackpool has so much ozone it hardly knows what to do with it.

Even now I am not quite sure what ozone is, who discovered it or invented it, and what are its main properties. But I know much more about it than I did, and I should like to give my findings the widest possible publicity. Here they are then:

Odour. Faintly fatty and warm, reminiscent of fried potatoes in overheated newsprint.

Colour. Garish.

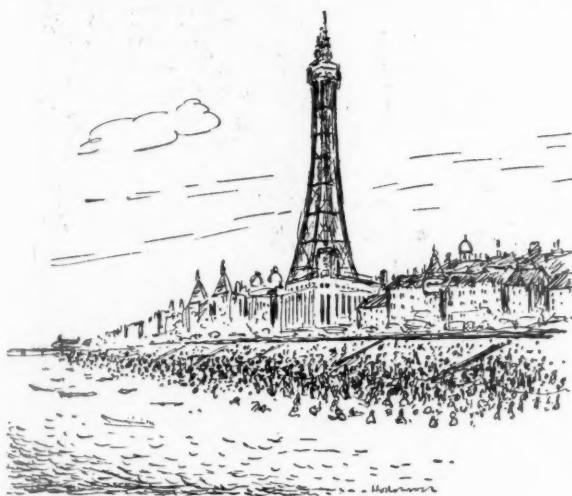
Effects. On exposure to the gas the skin turns a bright red, becomes blistered and painful. Radio-activity continues for about a week after contamination, the casualty becoming progressively more excited, demonstrative, ebullient and light-headed.

Treatment. Loosen or remove all clothing and put the patient on the beach or promenade where his eccentricities will pass unnoticed.

A fuller report may appear in late editions of the *Lancet*.

Once you have grasped the tremendous significance of its ozone the rest of Blackpool becomes readily understandable. Everything here is on the grand scale: if it is

year, most of them from Lancashire, Yorkshire and the Midlands. But there are useful contingents too from London, New York and haunts of coot and hern. Every American visitor (Mrs. Upscheider and Miss Franklin were



not outstanding in height or capacity then it is duplicated, triplicated or multiplied until competition from other resorts seems futile. So while there is only one tower, one pleasure beach, one airport and one information bureau, there are at least six pier pavilions, eighteen cinemas, seven golf-courses, five swimming-pools, five ballrooms . . . At least. Seven or eight million people visit Blackpool every

true to type) finds Blackpool quite irresistible and mentions it in the same breath as Broadway. The Great White Way and the Great Blackpool have much in common.

Blackpool takes its name from a "peaty-coloured pool," now covered in, at the south end of the town, and I know a bedroom that may be directly over it. At the Information Bureau we learned that it is only one hundred and fifty years since Blackpool attracted its first customer, a Mancunian who travelled by Royal Mail coach and paid fourteen shillings single fare; that the first landlady dates from 1788; that the promenade of those days was a miserable affair of only two hundred yards and hardly to be compared with the seven miles of concrete which dazzle you to-day; that the only theatre was a dim converted barn, and that the only recreations were bowling, bow-shooting, sailing and bathing.

Bathing was a strange ritual—an unmixed blessing. The females would take the first dip of the day after being towed over the sands in horse-drawn vans driven by myopic octogenarians. (Even so, contemporary chronicles tell of prying eyes behind the lace curtains of the boarding-houses.) And then after the bell had sounded for half-time the caravans would return and the sea give up its mermaids in exchange for a quota of mermen. Ridiculous,

you think? Perhaps so, but the system had at least one advantage: it helped to avoid overcrowding.

To-day the bathing at Blackpool is very mixed. On anything like a warm day it is extremely difficult to get into the water. The queues are endless. If you are admitted your movements are severely restricted. The butterfly breast-stroke is barred: the crawl is tantamount to manslaughter. If you swim out into deeper water and manage to avoid the wealth of piers you are almost certain to be run down by motor-boats and other noxious craft.

There is no more elbow-room on the vast expanse of sand. To make sure of a pitch you must line up at high tide and stake your claim through a foot or so of receding water. But it is at the low, as the area of dry land becomes narrower, that the crush is worst. I saw some pretty grim smashes on this trip.

All the traditional beach games are played here with great gusto. One afternoon Miss Franklin befriended a young visitor from Blackburn who had somehow got cut off from his parents by a belt of sun-worshippers from Bury. She tried to divert him from his grief by constructing a sand-castle, a modest thing consisting of about four upturned buckets and half a dozen shells. Mrs. Upscheider and I acted as keepers—or, rather, we tried to. Four buckets of sand may not sound much, but at Blackpool they take an awful lot of collecting and holding. They could be obtained only by undermining an adjacent lounger or by pilfering the battlements of a rival builder. Our castle was never much more than a ruin: a few seconds after we had abandoned it it was carried away to form the donjon of a Norman fort (architects: "Sal" and "Young Timmy" of Bootle).

After this sad experience it was natural, I suppose, that we should have been faintly disgusted by the sordid commercialism of "Tintern Abbey—All My Own Work—Thank You," which we came upon by the sea-wall near the electric lifts to Queen's Drive. It was a structure of infinite detail and perfect proportion and it must have taken weeks to construct. The copper-coloured proprietor was taking no chances: his masterpiece was roped off to protect it from the sand vandals. From time to time he worked a stirrup-pump and sprayed his model with a fine mist of sea-water to seal it from the hot sun and sub-aerial erosion. We threw our pennies into the hat and as we turned away I thought (I cannot be sure) that I saw a bit of wooden scaffolding showing through the sandy surface of the western wall. We didn't ask for our money back.

Though most of the ozone is immobilized over the strip of beach and promenade between the north and south piers quite a percentage seeps into the Tower and the Pleasure Beach. The Tower "rears its mighty head five hundred feet into the sky," and acts as a sort of ozone-conductor for the roof gardens, ballroom, menagerie and aquarium, all of which are held compactly between the giant's four steel legs. A few fish-and-chip shops away lie the Winter Gardens with their Baronial and Spanish ball-rooms, Olympia (a monstrous fun fair), the New Opera House and many more delights.

But for us the Pleasure Beach was the star turn. I believe that Blackpool is the first resort to treat this pleasure beach business seriously—scientifically. The thrills are devised in such a way that no organ of the body, however small or rudimentary, need go without its tonic treatment. There are gadgets for toning up every subsection of the digestive system. The Reel handles the duodenum and the pancreas, the Big Dipper deals with the liver, and so on. A round of *all* the thrills, I am told, is equivalent to six months in the theatre of the Pavlov laboratory.

After watching absorbedly for an hour we decided that our general health was pretty good. We agreed, however, to sample the mild pick-me-up of the coaster—the least precipitous of the three alpine runs. Well, it was almost worth the money: the view from the various summits would have been very good but for the veil of tears. You know how it goes—first the deceptively slow ascent; then a moment of terrible suspense followed by the revolting crash into the abyss with the stomach trailing far behind; then a shocking loop-turn at a speed of x light-years per second and another sickening collapse into nothingness . . . Miss Franklin was frightfully brave, but Mrs. U. lost her head a bit and with it her hat. We all lost weight shortly afterwards.

After this bloodbath we ran amuck, hurling fluffy balls of wool at wooden skittles, knocking girls out of bed into a cold bath, rolling pennies, climbing slippery slopes of sheet metal and laughing almost as loudly as the robot com-missionnaire of the Hall of Mirrors.

And finally, before we returned to the "Southbates" private hotel—"Proprietress: Mrs. Greenhalgh. Central for everything. Board residence. English produce only used. Welfare my first consideration. Electric and wash bowls all beds. Stamp reply."—we followed our noses and dined on mountains of chips. They were very, very good—nothing like those wretched pommes de terre frites you get in the south. It was just like eating ozone. At midnight the prom. was as light as day. The beach was darker but still crowded, and something about the



occupants moved Mrs. U. to break a significant silence with the remark that if all the people in Blackpool were placed end to end some day nobody would be surprised.

Blackpool has not yet rekindled its celebrated "Illuminations" (it has only just got rid of the Whitehall evacuees) and just now it has no celebrities living in its barrels. Otherwise the mixture is as before, and *very bracing*.

HOD.



"Let me see—you DO take our sugar ration, don't you?"

From the Chinese

The Cage

MORE and more,
Do you not feel
Like a rabbit
In a cage,
Of which the walls
Are continually
Closing in,
Of which the bars
Are thickening?
We may not go
To America
With more money
Than will last
For a week-end.
We cannot even go
To the adjacent
Continent
Except
For a few days,
Humbly,
Like a displaced
Person.
And—who knows?—
By this time next year
The wicked habit

Of foreign travel,
By which the British
Have been afflicted
For centuries
May be altogether
Illegal.
Even to travel
In the home-land
Or surrounding waters
Is not quite
The thing.
For this is either
Pleasure-motoring
Or selfish yachting.
Nor, soon,
Will the foreigner
Be able to visit us:
For the hotels and restaurants
Are to be deprived
Of food.
Foreign films
Are to be strongly
Discouraged:
And, logically
There seems to be small reason

Why books,
And plays,
Which cost foreign money,
Should be imported
Much longer
In these hard times.
Indeed, the question arises
Whether the papers
Ought to buy
Foreign news.
More and more,
Do you not feel
Like a rabbit
In a cage
Which is continually contracting?
Yet let us rejoice,
For only the other day
Was it not said
By the Attorney-General:
"It is probably true
To say
That the standard of living
Of the average man
Is higher to-day
Than it has ever been"?

A. P. H.



THE GOVERNESS CART AND THE DRAGON

MONDAY, August 11th.—The story begins (as they say in Sunday newspaper serial stories) on *Friday, August 8th*, when Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Lord President of the Council, moved the Second Reading of a short Bill of some sixty-six lines. This, the Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers) Bill, was brought in, so Mr. MORRISON said, merely to make sure that any powers the Government thought it right to exercise in defence of the country against the onslaught of the economic crisis should not be delayed by undue challenge in the Courts. And that, said the Lord President, was all there was to it.

But Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL had other ideas. He saw in the undefined—but presumably sweeping and all-embracing—powers the Government was to have, a blank cheque which might be the beginnings of Dictatorship. His fears were not precisely lulled when some of the Government's more Leftward supporters made it plain that a considerable degree of dictatorship was O.K. by them—so long as it was a Leftward Dictatorship. But the Bill was given a Second Reading by a majority of 103 votes. Now (as the serial stories say) read on.

Mr. CHURCHILL was there again to-day, leading a big attendance of his followers. The other side of the House had a slightly dejected look which may have been the result of a realization that an all-night sitting lay ahead. Or it may have been a hangover from what is said to have been a stormy meeting of the Labour M.P.s held in the morning, to discuss the economic situation—and the Government's.

It was a bonny fight—the one on the floor. The other was behind an iron curtain of secrecy, but it seems to have been at least as bonny.

The Conservatives and Liberals tried all sorts of stratagems in the Committee stage to limit the application of the powers conferred by the Bill and to ensure that the Dictatorship was at least benevolent. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, clearly back to his old health and fighting form, as the whole House was delighted to note, defended the Bill, the whole Bill and nothing but the Bill. In this task he had the aid of Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, whom Mr. QUINTIN Hogg (a thought unkindly) described as being arrogant, supercilious and aggressive. But Sir HARTLEY's smile turned away wrath and the debate continued.

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, the Liberal leader, whose acute lawyer's mind had

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, August 11th.—House of Commons: Freedom is Debated.

Tuesday, August 12th.—House of Lords: Their Lordships Take a Hand. House of Commons: Appearance at the Bar.

Wednesday, August 13th.—House of Lords: Restless. House of Commons: Rests.

first observed the hidden menace in the Bill, was rewarded in the middle of the night when Mr. MORRISON accepted an amendment providing that none of the powers should enable the Government to suppress or suspend any newspaper, periodical or book. "Never had any idea of the sort," said Mr. MORRISON, and the House cheered.

(a trifle sleepily) through what seemed a somewhat pointless ceremony. Some weeks ago the House referred to the Committee of Privileges a newspaper article by Mr. GARRY ALLIGHAN, the Labour M.P. for Gravesend, in which he made allegations of bribery against some of his Party colleagues and against newspapermen attending the House. In the course of the investigation Mr. Guy Schofield, editor of the London *Evening News*, and Mr. Stanley Dobson, his Political Correspondent, exercised their right to refuse to give to the Committee the name of an M.P. to whom payments had been made.

The Committee promptly reported the two to the House for further action. And the House, like some grave "Head," put on its collective spectacles and its collective most serious expression and called the two offenders in. The fact that in the meantime Mr. EVELYN WALKDEN, the Labour M.P. for Doncaster, had confessed that he was "The Man" was not allowed to make any difference to the Roman holiday, and the Parliamentary lions were duly arrayed one end of the arena, while Messrs. Schofield and Dobson made a dignified entrance at the other.

They were then solemnly asked whether they would reveal the great mystery of The Name. Everybody waited breathlessly for the revelation. Mr. Speaker asked whether the name was that of "Evelyn Walkden"—in accordance with tradition no "handles" were given to names. Both witnesses, standing respectfully at the Bar, said "Yes." They also said that they had not realized, before the Committee, that they might be in contempt of the House if they refused to answer.

Lord WINTERTON said it was "a farce," but it was felt to be an over-severe description of the occasion.

Then the witnesses withdrew, while the House discussed their fate. Mr. MORRISON moved a motion declaring that any witness before a Select Committee *must* answer *any* question. Brigadier FOSTER pointed out that this meant that a husband must incriminate his wife, a lawyer give away the secrets of his client, a priest the sacred secrets of the confessional. The Nazis insisted on the same thing, Brigadier FOSTER pointed out, and everything depended on the good sense of the House and its Committees in enforcing a sweeping general rule.

In the end the House accepted the general declaration *nemine contradicente*. And then, after Mr. CLEMENT



Impressions of Parliamentarians

16. Mr. J. Griffiths (Llanolly)
Minister of National Insurance

It cheered again, many hours later, when Sir HARTLEY got up to move the Third Reading, and by then it was seven o'clock on the morning of

TUESDAY, August 12th, when, in happier times, the young (and the old) man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of moors. After another two hours' talking, in which allegations were made (and refuted) that the Government sought to make Britons the slaves which, according to tradition, they never, never shall be, the Bill was sent on its way to the House of Lords.

It ought, in your scribe's view, to go on record, for the information of posterity, that a "spiv" was authoritatively defined this day. Mr. Attorney-General asked for the definition. Mr. QUINTIN HOGG gave it: "A Minister Without Portfolio." Since the definition was not challenged it presumably stands.

The Commons this afternoon went



"Chariot racing doesn't mean a thing to me—I'm here to write an article on mass psychology."

DAVIES and Lord WINTERTON, as Members of the Privileges Committee, had paid tribute to the dignity and truthfulness of the two witnesses, the whole thing was shelved. Which seemed to be the right ending to the story.

Then there was a debate on Palestine. Their Lordships were dealing with the Supplies and Services (*Extended Purposes*) Bill—that alteration of title having been made in the dead of night by the Commons. The Lords' debate was similar (to say the least) to that in the Commons.

WEDNESDAY, August 13th.—Lord SWINTON had one of the most brilliant tactical brain-waves of recent times, and persuaded their Lordships to insist on returning in three weeks, just to make sure the Government wasn't being totalitarian and dictatorial under the powers granted.

The Commons were therefore placed in the position of being (seemingly) less attentive to their duties than the Lords. This caused some head-scratching in the Cabinet, but, in the end, the original reassembly date, October 20th, was insisted on. But most felt that the reassembly would, in fact, be earlier.

Psongs for Psychiatrists

Non-Existent Nora or The Case of the Philosophic Idealist

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Little flakes of mortar
Clinging to my hand;
Little bits of batter
Cook has left behind—
They are only Matter.
I am only Mind.

Little bits of cardboard;
Little lumps of lead,
Little bits of hard board
Buried in my bed;
Little spots of rust beneath
a surface gleam—
They are in a Dust-bin.
I am in a Dream!

Little bits of cod-fish,
Little bits of hake,
Little shoals of odd fish
Swimming in a lake;
Little scents of musk you
Savour while you float—
You are in a Bus-queue.
I am in a Boat.

Little yellow monkeys
Swinging on a tree,
Scarlet-coated funkeys
Bringing up the tea;
Sunbeams in a clearance,
Pierrots on a pier—
They are an Appearance.
I am an Idea.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Little streams of Porter
Trickling down the Strand;
Charwomen who chatter,
Kate who is unkind,
Do they really matter?
Do I really mind?

Little bits of gum for
Sticking in the cheek,
Tell me what I come for
Seven days a week?
Learning to React is
Salutory? Still,
You have got the Practice,
I have got the Bill. P. B.



"I don't quite like what you've written in our visitor's book—'Just done fourteen days here'!"

My Last Ride on a Horse

IT took place in Rhodesia. I had left my cosy little flat high up in Johannesburg and was visiting a farm for what is usually called a holiday. There was fifteen miles of it. I was on the horse for fifteen miles, three miles out and twelve miles in. There was a party of three and there was I. They rode horses. The horse I was on was a mare, a special kind of horse. I don't know much about horses as this was the first time I had ever been on one, but I could see that the horse had no business to last another winter. My host told me that I was given the horse because of my inexperience. It was quiet, he explained, and would not toss me off and run me over. I could see at a glance that my host was right. The horse could not toss me off unless I lent it a hand. The saddle, too, was just the thing for a beginner. It had knobs on so that one could not slide off.

I got on all right. I realize that this is not usual. It should have been necessary to lower me on by pulleys or

to hound the horse into a trench. I got on, and didn't fall off the other side, and I was facing the right way, because I know what a horse looks like, although I didn't know they went so far down in the middle. Almost immediately I was aware of a sharpish pain underneath somewhere, but I affected not to notice it. I didn't see the use. The horse offered no resistance. It hadn't any. It looked at me with one eye. The pathos of it all struck me to the heart's core. We were both caught in a web of which we had not shared the making. I felt a shudder. I don't know whether it was I or the horse. I would like to be able to record that I saw contempt or irritation in the horse's eye. Anything would have been better than that look. Its emptiness went straight to my stomach and stayed there. I couldn't help wondering if those Aztec chaps would have thought that I was a god if they had seen me on the horse.

We, the party of three and I, started off. At first I had company

and was able to talk about the horse. I noticed a peculiar noise like a fret-saw whenever the horse tried to get air. My host knew a lot about horses and even more about the horse. He said it was nothing much; it was just broken wind, heaves or roaring—they are all the same. He said that the horse used to suffer from strangles, and that frequently ends up in broken wind, heaves or roaring. He also said that three or four grains of arsenic once a day in a mash would cure it. I felt that the dose was too small. He admitted that the horse was not in the best of health. It had an incurable derangement of the optic nerve, which he called glass eye, and when it got tired it suffered from colic or gripes, which is cured by a few ounces of laudanum, with two ounces of turpentine in a pint of linseed oil. It suffered from the ossification of certain cartilages due, so he said, to the wearing of high-heeled shoes. It also suffered from corns and saddle galls. These, I knew already, were contagious. Then

Punch, August 20 1947

there was the clicking or forging caused by the horse knocking its feet together as it walked. One way and another it made quite a noise. I asked how old the horse was. He said he could not remember.

We had only gone about a mile when I found that I was going to be alone. The horse gradually gave ground until it was about thirty yards behind the party of three. I tried to force the pace. I made clicking noises in my throat for a few hundred yards, but then found I couldn't keep it up. Something seemed to be wrong with my throat. I wondered if I had caught the heaves. With the party of three slowly receding I began to feel intense. I would not have minded solitude; it was the thought of being alone with the horse. I did not want to hit the horse with the little stick which my host had provided. I remember reading somewhere that one horse-power represents the amount of work done when 33,000 lb. is raised 1 ft. in 1 min., and equals 746 watts. I don't know what a watt is, and I'm a bit hazy about a lb., but I didn't want to take any chances. It didn't say anything about the age of the horse. I had no qualms on humanitarian grounds. I wasn't feeling so human. Besides the horse wasn't one either. I began to press my heels gently but firmly into that part of the horse's side which is between the ribs and hips. It turned and looked at me with one of its glass eyes but, beyond that, did nothing. My position was growing desperate. If the party of three got lost the horse might go on walking for ever. I didn't want to end my days, or even one of them, on the horse. In rapid succession I hit it with my little stick approximately on the fetlock, the withers, the frog, the gaskin, the hock, the pastern, and the splint bones. Finally, I gave it a crack on the head. This time I did not miss, but it still plodded on. It did not even bother to look at me with one of its glass eyes. I now perceived that I had very little control over the horse. One might even say that it was a runaway horse, only it wasn't running.

I need not have worried about getting lost. The party of three suddenly rounded a bend in the path and were lost from sight. A terrible cry broke from the horse. It was something between a whinny and a neigh, only worse. It sounded rather like my Uncle Samuel who imitates elephants. I was nearly left behind. I think it must have been the knobs on which I was impaled, and the reins which I was clutching hard, which took me along. The horse was actually running. I

began to regret my wasted youth. I kept on changing knobs. I tried to make it stop by pulling on the reins, but, although it raised its head upwards, sideways, and backwards, its legs did not change pace. It had got the bit under its tooth. Only when we turned the bend and the party of three swam into sight did it resume its normal plod as suddenly as it had stopped it. I was flung against the horse's skull and it took me some time to get back on my knobs. The horse was making an awful noise now. It was roaring like a waterfall.

My host turned and congratulated me on my seat. He asked me why I did not keep up a steady pace instead of proceeding in fits and starts. He asked me. He noticed that I was admiring the distant prospect by the way I was screwing up my eyes. He named the Chmani-Chmani mountains in the distance. They looked a bit like my saddle. He said something else. I could see his lips moving. There was another bend in the path. The horse was getting ready to imitate my Uncle Samuel.

I focused what was left of my mind on one o'clock. By one o'clock I should no longer be on the horse. By one o'clock everything would be the same as it was last night. I might have changed shape a little but it would not be hereditary. Perhaps a lion would eat the horse from under me before one o'clock. I began to scan the bush. The Chmani-Chmani mountains seemed no nearer, but they looked enchanting. I've always been fond of scenery.

By the time we were on the way home I thought my worst troubles were over. I had not gained any control over the horse, but I was growing numb and had adapted myself in some measure. We were approaching a stream and my host, who was now convinced that I was quarrelsome, yelled to me not to allow the horse to drink. We had just passed a bend, so I heard him. The party of three splashed through the stream leading by forty lengths. I thought of stopping the horse, waiting until the party of three disappeared, and then taking the stream at a run; but the horse was not thinking along the same lines. He trudged across the stream and a surge of exultation swept through my upper half. I was nearly through. But just then the horse plunged its face into the stream and began sucking up water like a vacuum-cleaner. It had merely been making for the shallow opposite bank so that it could drink without having to hold its head up too high. I heaved at the reins with all my strength for my host's warning had

filled me with a nameless dread. I struck the horse savagely all over with my little stick. My anxiety to stop it drinking caught me unawares. I had relaxed my grip on the reins, and I was watching the receding waters with such intensity that I did not notice the disappearance of the party of three.

They came back for me in the stream, which was gambolling over my withers and between my hocks. I was waiting for it to carry me off to fairyland. They said that they had noticed that I was no longer on the horse. I had noticed it too, but I was in no hurry to get back there. I was much more comfortable in the stream. They forced me to my feet. I was hoping that I was so badly injured that I would have to finish my journey on foot, but only one of my knees was back to front, and they pushed my scalp back into place. My host was growing irritable by now. He hinted that I had let the horse down. He spoke of it as a sacred relic.

From now on the horse began to give full play to its personality. Its broken wind was now in fragments. If there hadn't been a stiff wind blowing down its throat I don't think it would have made it. It began to trip over pebbles. I think it tried to avoid them. Its knees began to give way and it would often buckle up and teeter over to one side of the path. I was often hard put to it to keep up. Then the colic or gripes came out, probably due to the stream it had drunk. Great spasms shook me. My host asked me if I found the horse too much for me. He said it as if in jest but I knew he didn't mean it that way. I said, not without a tinge of resentment, that although I naturally had a plentiful supply of laudanum and turpentine on me, I had run out of linseed oil. It must have been the saddle galls eating their way into my soul. I didn't even have the Chmani-Chmani mountains to look at any more.

The path was straight right down to the farmhouse, and they were eating lunch when the horse arrived. It was one o'clock. I dismounted and found myself kneeling beside the horse, which was spitting out its tooth.

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Just a Suggestion

"All-round respectable lady wants post as companion, guardian, tutoress, matron. Royal family preferred."

Advt. in Indian paper.

○ ○

Fellow-Feeling Corner

"Money was distinctly usable in Lombard Street yesterday . . ."—*"The Times."*

IT is the Shelley story; but Byron is in it as well. Usually in the theatre he is unlucky—as unlucky, one would say, as the peacocks' feathers or the *Macbeth* music of stage tradition. Even so, his three scenes in Mr. GUY BOLTON's chronicle have a strong drive and colour that the piece as a whole lacks. No dramatist can see Shelley plain. (You cannot easily cage the west wind.) Although, on the nutshell-stage of the Mercury, Mr. JACK WATLING does all that ardour and sincerity can do to persuade us that he is indeed the author of "Adonais," we are never aware of Shelley's genius.

This is not primarily the actor's fault. The dramatist has not provided means. His *Shelley* could hardly be trusted with a limerick, and the play wanes to a conscientious précis of events. Two things at least should be put to Mr. BOLTON's credit: he wrote eighty-five other plays before venturing upon *Shelley*, and he does not let the poet rush into quotation. Instead, we hear passages of Shelley's verse from *Jefferson Hogg* (Mr. MICHAEL GWYNN) and from *Byron* (Mr. JOHN BAILEY). *Byron* brings down the curtain by applying to Shelley himself the lines from "Adonais": "He has outsoared the shadow of our night." It makes an effectively theatrical, if unlikely, end to a portrait-play, that, attempting the impossible, fails with Shelley, succeeds with *Byron* (aided by Mr. BAILEY's flourish), and does little with Godwin or the "Godwin girls" whose complexity of parentage needs a programme note. Many portrait-plays must have these finger-posts—if not in the programme, then in the dialogue itself. Thus: "It's surely six months," says someone informatively to *Byron*, "since you invited Leigh Hunt to come out here and found a liberal journal with yourself and Shelley." The Mercury players have to cope with more chronicle than drama. There is some slack speaking, but on the whole the company gets through well: Miss IRIS RUSSELL and Miss JENNIE LAIRD can deal fittingly with *Mary Godwin* and *Claire Clairmont*.

At the Play

The Shelley Story (MERCURY)—*Fly Away Peter*
(ST. JAMES'S)—*Trapeze in the Vatican* (ARTS)

The Hapgoods of Streatham and *Fly Away Peter* are another kind of party. There are four children—two boys and two girls—and the evening is spent in watching them decide, one by one, to let the deep and dark blue ocean roll between them and their parents. *Arthur* goes to Nigeria, *Phyllis* to Norway, *Myra* (after a gallantly sacrificial moment) is left on

DEARSLEY has taken a bunch of family-play types—the Kid Sister and the rest—stirred not too vigorously, and tilted in the sugar. The mixture is bound to become cloying, though Mr. ROBERTS's performance is, as ever, on velvet; Miss MARGARET BARTON can take care of any Kid Sister, with or without heart of gold; and Mr. PETER HAMMOND gets some gentle fun from a young man called *Pie-face*, with a bowler and a quiff, who observes "I haven't got a lot of sparkle, you know," in the accents of a bronchial zombie. Some of the other acting is a shade too studied—this family is not always at home—but Miss CHRISTINE RUSSELL thrusts gallantly at a young woman who is doomed to ask: "John, are you quite sure that Phyllis Hapgood can make you happy?" He is quite sure: we are, on the whole, more doubtful.

It is far from Streatham to "one of the smaller palaces" of Vatican City. This sounds opulent enough; the comedy hardly matches its setting. Herr KURT JOHANNES BRAUN, the author whose work Mr. ASHLEY DUKES has adapted with a purring urbanity, has made no particular use of his chance. We are in the island of Vatican City in the middle of the war; further, we are in an ambassador's suite; all is set for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. And what do we have? Nothing but a variant of the boy-meets-girl story, Boy being now a soldier-

acrobat who comes for sanctuary to the ambassador's apartments, and Girl being the ambassador's daughter who marries him. The evening meanders amiably to its natural end with none of the expected excitements of the high trapeze. What we do find is an undeniable fluency of dialogue: Herr BRAUN's people say nothing very much yet—thanks to Mr. DUKES—they say it usually with grace. In fact—and it is surprising in the first play to come from post-war Germany—this is a comedy for those who put grace before meat. The performance wavers, but Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS has the precise touch for an acrobat-cum-conjurer at large in the Diplomatic Corps. J.C.T.



[The Shelley Story]

Percy Bysshe Shelley	MR. JACK WATLING
Lord Byron	MR. JOHN BAILEY
Mary Godwin	MISS IRIS RUSSELL

the edge of Capetown, and it will be surprising if *Ted* and his *Dandy*—whose real name is *Genevieve*—fail to find one of the remoter corners of the globe.

It is not that they dislike their parents. No one would object to *Father* as Mr. J. H. ROBERTS plays him—with a creaming ease—and *Mother* (Miss MADOLINE THOMAS), in spite of her hoity-toity possessiveness, is in the best sense, white, clear white, inside. No; the Hapgoods just feel like wandering: if they did not there would be no play. Some, I fear, might argue unkindly that this would be a good thing, and it must be admitted that we have been here before. Mr. A. P.

The Treasures of "Number One London"

IT is well known that to ensure a rush on the box-office it is only necessary to display a "HOUSE FULL" notice or to announce "LAST WEEKS."

If the Iron Duke is not playing to capacity at the Victoria and Albert—and Britain can't, after all, be expected to make it every time—it is true that the show is officially due to close at the end of this month, though a deferment is more than likely if the turnstiles should click merrily.

And why shouldn't they? Seldom, indeed, has the public been offered an opportunity of inspecting such sumptuous heirlooms as the possessions of the first Duke of Wellington which, through the generosity of the present Duke, will become a national collection when they are eventually housed at Apsley House, sombre and imposing "Number One London." Meanwhile, there they are—pictures and plate, weapons and glittering trophies—displayed in the Museum's Central Court, approached through the Thurloe Place entrance. You are free to wander in on any day of the week between 10 and 6 o'clock (after 2.30 P.M. on Sundays) without paying a penny, and I can imagine no more delightful way of passing an hour of the briefest holiday.

The centre-piece of the Exhibition is Goya's equestrian portrait of the Duke—recently shown, you may remember, in the Loan Collection of Spanish paintings at the National Gallery—which shows "His Excellency Señor Willington" (in the artist's words) wearing civilian dress and a Spanish sabre and sash, astride a prancing horse. There is evidence that the picture was painted in tearing haste, and it is more rewarding to turn to Lawrence's superbly assured portrait of the Duke in scarlet uniform, gazing at the spectator with folded arms.

Round the walls are hung a score of important paintings from Apsley House, several of them pictures from the Spanish Royal Collection captured with Joseph Bonaparte's baggage after the Battle of Vittoria, and subsequently presented to the Duke by Ferdinand VII as spoils of war acquired "by means as just as they are honourable." Other distinguished donors presented canvases; and if Wellington's entire collection of pictures had been thus fortuitously accumulated, it would clearly not be possible to judge his taste as a collector.

But a number of private acquisitions, including a couple of mellow van der Heydens and several brilliant Jan Steens, indicate not only a flair for the seventeenth-century Dutch School but (more humanly) a relish for scenes of tavern revelry which must have recalled the liberal potations of his own soldiery.

Jan van der Heyden's "View in a Dutch Town," with its tranquil vista of tree-lined canal, flanked by gracious buildings, and peopled with little figures probably by Adriaen van de Velde, is perhaps the most enchanting picture of its kind here; but more important than all else is the group of paintings by Velazquez (mostly from Joseph Bonaparte's abandoned carriage), including the variously identified "Portrait of a Bearded Man" and "The Water-Seller of Seville," the most famous of his early works.

Services of plate and china—gifts of monarchs and public bodies—swords, batons, rich enamelled orders, and jewelled snuff-boxes twinkle in their glass cases; and one could almost swear there is an answering twinkle in the eyes of the Lawrence portrait. ("It may impress you, but, good lord, it frightens me!") We may admire the swords encrusted with diamonds, the gold snuff-boxes set with miniatures of foreign kings, the ice-pails stippled with

dramatic scenes of battle, the silver-gilt candelabra, the Wellington Shield. But somehow I suspect that if he were to climb out of his frame and slide down the wall he would make straight for the simple "Mule Box" on which he was accustomed to write his orders during battle: such orders—scribbled in pencil on slips of prepared skin—as that which enjoins a unit commander, defending a blazing château, to "keep your men in those parts to which the fire does not reach. Take care that no men are lost by the falling in of the roof or floors—after they have both fallen in occupy the ruined walls inside of the garden . . ."

A hundred years hence, perhaps, homage hardly less magnificent will be paid in this Museum to a great commander of our day. The famous beret will be enshrined in a glass case. Gunn's portrait will hang on the wall now graced by the Lawrence. Workmen will drag the caravan into the Central Court, and decorate it with those inspiring Messages to All Ranks.

But I fear that future pilgrims will not be admitted free, and that their attendance (under a regulation yet unborn) will be compulsory. The proceeds of the Exhibition, you may be sure, will be used to defray the debt incurred by a guarantee to back-date the salary increases of a million Civil Servants.

N. A. D. W.

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Things Which Could Hardly Have Been Better Expressed.

"The level of English hop production is just enough to keep our heads above water, so long as brewers are limited to 85 per cent. of standard barrellage."—Worcester "Evening News and Times."



"No, thanks—I roll my own."



"Know anything for the two o'clock?"

Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Coleridge versus Wordsworth

IN *The First Romantics* (MACDONALD, 15/-) Mr. MALCOLM ELWIN sketches the early lives of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, with particular reference to their effect upon one another. Inevitably, Southey, least interesting of the three, focuses less of the author's attention than the other two, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the book is really a statement of the case for Coleridge and the case against Wordsworth. The first sentence of chapter one stamps Wordsworth as a snob, in the final reference to him he is charged with having utterly lost his integrity in later years, and in between he is shown as having very little integrity to lose, for as exhibited by Mr. ELWIN he is equally selfish and unfeeling as a lover, a brother, a husband and a friend. Mr. ELWIN argues his case ably, and it is a strong case. He is also refreshingly free from the usual false sentiment about Dorothy Wordsworth, speaking of the "portentousness" in which she involved the most trivial details of her brother's life. But he is so intent on exalting Coleridge as a friend and poet and general inspirer of everyone who had the good fortune to meet him that he is compelled to suppress or distort whatever explains why Wordsworth, with all his faults, achieved so much, and Coleridge, with all his virtues, achieved so little. Wordsworth cannot be comprehended by someone content to describe *Tintern Abbey* as "the most effective poem of reflection he had yet completed." H. K.

Fuit Ilium

What the world's latest outbreak of vandalism has, culturally speaking, cost it can be appreciated in *Lost Treasures of Europe* (BATSFORD, 30/-), a magnificent photo-

graphic record of our artistic casualties as they were. Smallish pictures are the most portable of loot, and such loot has been largely retrieved. These four hundred and twenty-seven reproductions are mainly architectural. They come from archives and private collections and have been assembled and commented on by American commissioners with British and other European co-operation. They perpetuate, while paper endures, the obliterated cities and shrines of ten nations, and the frescoes, altarpieces, civic and ecclesiastical *boiseries* and sculpture that vanished with them. Lieut.-Colonel ERNEST T. DEWALD introduces the book. Mr. HENRY LA FARGE has edited it. It is indubitably the most striking possible tribute to Europe's civilized past; but—in no spirit of ingratitude—it is a pity Europe did not have the making of it. There are little deficiencies of scope and taste that natives might have avoided. France, or even England, would certainly have reproduced Saint-Malo's demolished *palais corsaires* instead of a squalid stretch of the west coast; and a few of us (one hopes) would extol Pisa's Benozzo Gozzolis at the expense of *The Triumph of Death*. That significant fresco might well have replaced a distressingly insignificant design on the jacket.

H. P. E.

An American Composer

Bad Boy of Music (HURST AND BLACKETT, 15/-), the autobiography of the American composer GEORGE ANTHEIL, reflects an impressionable temperament which has been agitated rather than shaped by life in Berlin, Paris, New York and Hollywood during the last twenty-five years. On reaching Berlin in 1922 the author introduced himself to Stravinsky, who responded cordially to "My young American colleagues and I admire you above all other living composers." He saw a good deal of Stravinsky in Berlin, but when, some time later, they met in Paris, Stravinsky's "steely monocle bored right through me." There had been what a considerate friend called "an inexplicable anti-Antheil landslide." Stravinsky, his informant continued, had heard that ANTHEIL was claiming him as one of his best friends; and when ANTHEIL exclaimed "But he is!" his companion replied "Not any more." An ultra-modern composer, Mr. ANTHEIL, when his audience became restive as he was playing his own or kindred compositions, used to produce an automatic and place it meaningfully on the Steinway. In 1923 a riot at one of his concerts made him famous all over Paris. He was pointed at wherever he went, and one French paper affirmed that he was (as he translates it) "in cahoots with powerful 'elementary' forces." His music brought him into touch with the group round James Joyce, and perhaps the most interesting pages in this lively if somewhat disconnected chronicle are those which describe Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound, as they were in the nineteen-twenties.

H. K.

Pianos, Professional and Domesticated

When you remember that even Cromwell's household was enlivened by home-made music, vocal and instrumental, it does look as though a generation increasingly voiceless and pianoless is barely what a Jacobean would have called civilized. The piano, as M. ERNEST CLOSSON of the Brussels Conservatoire maintains, is not only a miniature orchestra, it has always been the mainstay of domestic music. M. CLOSSON's wholly delightful *History of the Piano* (ELEK, 12/6) shows how craftsmen made possible the feats of musicians and how musicians reacted to their enlarged opportunities. Pianos derive from clavichords, which also

struck their strings with hammers. But the clavichord, early in the sixteenth century, ceded to the harpsichord, the virginal and the spinet, all of which had their strings plucked by quills. When the "pianoforte" arrived, Bach remained true to the harpsichord, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven went over to its rival. The story thus told, with an entire absence of technical airs and an intimate knowledge of technical detail, should win the amateur's interest as easily as the professional's. An admirable series of illustrations prove that there is no reason for a piano to be hideous—"striped like a tom-cat, by Jove," as Morris remarked of one pre-Burne-Jones instrument—but a thing of beauty, both inside and out. H. P. E.

More Victorian Hair-Raisers

Mr. H. VAN THAL continues his good work among the Victorian ladies, which he began when he re-introduced us to Mrs. J. H. Riddell's imaginative terrors, by printing five of Miss RHODA BROUGHTON's ghost pieces, *Twilight Stories* (HOME and VAN THAL, 6/-). In his preface he suggests that, as a niece of Sheridan Le Fanu, she could scarcely help her skill in the macabre. These stories are very different from Mrs. Riddell's, and it is doubtful if they should rank quite so high. From the point of view of craftsmanship they are admirable, being told with a deceptive ease which leads us from step to step until the climax bursts, but they have less of the creepiness with which Mrs. Riddell saturated her atmosphere and the incidents are on the whole more conventionally conceived. Nevertheless, these stories are good, and the best in the collection is probably "The Man With the Nose," in which a bride is haunted on her honeymoon by an evil figure previously seen in a dream, and, spirited away, is last seen cowering beside him in a fleeting carriage. This tale, told by her distracted husband, is beautifully balanced between realism and fancy. "Under the Cloak," which runs it close, is a straight essay in pure terror, the mounting panic of a woman shut all night in a train with a box of jewels and a smooth and ingenious thief. Miss BROUGHTON certainly could make things dramatic and keep them so, and the *dénouement* at the end of the woman's agonizing vigil is magnificently engineered. E. O. D. K.

Sea Marks and Mariners

The name of Trinity House is one with two distinct meanings. In its narrower sense it stands—or one should perhaps, unhappily, say "stood"—for that sedate and gracious Georgian building on Tower Hill, through whose lofty rooms a breath of salt air seemed always to stray, crowded as they were with maritime treasures, ship models, portraits and relics of Drake and other sea-heroes, which the blitz swept out of existence in a night. The churches of St. Olave, Hart Street, and St. Nicholas, Deptford, met a similar, though not quite so complete a destruction, as did the Mile End Almshouses, officially styled "Trinity Ground," where so many seafaring men fallen upon poverty found a peaceful haven for their old age. It is, however, with the other and wider significance of the name that Commander HILARY P. MEAD is mainly concerned in his book on *Trinity House* (SAMPSON Low, 15/-), and, as his sub-title puts it, with "its unique record from the days of Henry VIII." Trinity House is, indeed, a typical example of the continuity of so many British institutions; its work has gone on steadily through the centuries since its foundation, keeping pace with the growth of seaborne trade from the days of the coal-fire cresset to those of great lighthouses such as that on the Casquets, both of which are illustrated

in Commander MEAD's interesting and informative volume. "Pilotage, sea marks and mariners"—to quote its early chronicler—were its chief concerns at the time of its institution; and they remain its chief concerns still.

C. F. S.

"Who's Been at My . . . ?"

Mr. BELTON COBB provides his murderer with Epsom salts (used by the young wife victim as a slimming agent), and with oxalic acid (used by the household staff for brass cleaning) as ingredients for *Early Morning Poison* (LONGMANS, 7/6). He also allows one member of the staff to be on walking-out terms with Sergeant Hebden, who is put in charge of the case by Superintendent Manning until he had finished "straightening things out at the station." The sergeant tips his Janet a few rather indiscreet winks, the superintendent suspects his subordinate of tampering with the evidence, and so the false trails multiply. To add to all this we have a very peculiar will, a strange disgruntled family, whose members were forever opening and shutting the door of the bathroom where the salts were kept. The author makes us mind very much what happens to Janet because she is so human and so pretty; to the sergeant because his indiscretion was so natural; and to the superintendent because his loyalties are such a trouble to him. It is impossible to be devoted to any members of the bereaved family; and this is just as well because the finger-prints and the visitors to the bathroom give us quite enough to think about. Mr. COBB has written a very good story, and we have the promise of another one.

B. E. B.

Parturit Monte Carlo

[“The Principality of Monaco, whose army consists of 200 soldiers, will conclude hostilities with the Axis on September 1.”]

Daily Telegraph."]

BELLICOSUS populus, cives Monacenses,
B Tandem Axe domito mox deponent enses.
Quis, cum montes parerent motus turbulentos,
Natos esse senserat mures hos ducentos?





"As for number twenty-seven—he keeps on arresting postmen on the most ridiculous trumped-up charges."

Micycles

WHEN I was only a little lad a doctor from the Caucasus said he didn't like the look of my legs. The fact that I didn't like the look of his ears wasn't allowed to prejudice the subsequent proceedings as it certainly would now that I am so much older. He had invented a very obscure piece of machinery for tracking down imaginary discrepancies in the lower limbs, and looking back passionately across the years I am convinced he was more than slightly insane on the subject. The victim had to thrust his legs into two stuffy tin cylinders, and the inventor, swelling with pride, wound a lot of gears and handles and did everything except drop a penny into a slot. In fact it took five guineas to set the machine in motion. Ultimately, when all the whirring had died down, the score went up in electric lights on one of two dials marked "KNOCK-KNEED" and "BANDY." While all this nonsense was going on the doctor's ears, which were oblong and a shiny purple, flapped to and fro with excitement like a dachshund's, but, as I say, this was

not permitted to affect our faith in his powers of diagnosis, for my parents had got it firmly in their heads that a man who could father such a remarkable device in spite of being a foreigner was a fellow to rely on. As a matter of fact at our first sitting the score was announced on both dials at once, which made my case seem hopelessly complicated, but after going into a corner with a slide-rule the doctor was able to assure us there was no immediate cause for anxiety as the motor must have been improperly earthed. It never occurred to him to measure my legs. We agreed to call it a let, and I was given a glass of greasy lemonade and I remember my parents were given tattered copies of illustrated medical journals, the contents of which seemed to surprise them very much. After half an hour on all fours with spanners and an oil-can the doctor announced that we were ready to begin again, and this time the dial marked "BANDY" took full responsibility for a dramatic swerve in the neighbourhood of the knees. While my father scratched his nose with his cheque-book the doctor

drew a great many legs on some graph-paper until it looked like the Isle of Man seen from a balloon and then, with a final authoritative flap of his extraordinary ears, informed us that in pedalling exercise lay my only chance of ever being decently ironed out. It was thus that micycle No. 1 came on the scene.

It had belonged to an aunt, who had grown sick of it, and no wonder. I expect the metal itself was all right, it was the way it was arranged and the amount used that I quarrelled with. The margin of safety—against the risk of collapse, that is to say—of micycle was so enormous that a herd of circus elephants could have practised ju-jitsu on it with impunity. They could also probably have made it go, which was more than I could do except downhill or with a gale behind me. I used to take micycle for long, debilitating walks until the land began to fall away, when I mounted. Originally it had been equipped with a brake which interfered with the front tyre and so threw the rider, but this had been replaced by a more up-to-date device



by an uncle with a turn for mechanical impromptu. Once micycle had reached a speed beyond control, which with its vast appeal to gravity it did downhill in about five seconds, I abandoned it as best I could, leaving it to go clattering to the bottom by itself, gathering a heterogeneous bag of all the loose objects it might meet on the way, such as farm-carts and Bands of Hope. One pregnant afternoon, arrested by the hoarse obbligato of a Lovibond's Warbler in the hedge beside me, I omitted to bale out in time and when things had been gone into it needed no Caucasian seer to decide that pedalling exercise had done its work. Micycle No. 1 was withdrawn from circulation and we gave it to the Navy when in 1917 they advertised for a keel for a new battleship.

Micycle No. 2 came to me in settlement of an early gambling debt. I had wagered another child five shillings that he lacked the moral fibre to throw an old boot through the drawing-room window of a Member of Parliament, and I had misjudged the boy. It was a low, red contraption straight out of hell, constructed of an infernal amalgam which looked like iron but behaved like Brighton Rock, coming away in large jagged chunks which were pleasantly laughable when their point of departure was the handlebars and less so when it was some vital area such as the hub. There was a devil in every millimetre of micycle No. 2 and I only rode it until I was satisfied I had had my five shillings-worth of agony out of it. Then I flung it into a ditch in Bedfordshire, where I dare say by now it has become a shrine to which archaeologists in scores bring their jam sandwiches.

When after the late conflagration I moved to the country and the Fuel Commissars refused to be convinced that my work as a whelk-diviner was of national importance, micycle No. 3 came into my life. It was as high as a gig and had handlebars that curved

up into the sky like the horns of a buffalo. There was also a great bell which I think must have been dissolved from a monastery and could be heard right across the county. I was able to make micycle go and it seemed a mild-mannered creature, but every now and then it fell into a black rage and threw me flat on my back in the road. A body of physicists from Oxford University came and watched it do it, but nobody could explain the phenomenon in intelligible terms. The last time it threw me was in front of a fat land-girl. I am a romantic and if I am to be flung on to a hard surface at the feet of a lady then she has got to be either the Queen of Spain out for a friendly saunter or else a beautiful blonde spy who will take my battered head on her knee and staunch my wounds with her forged passport. All the land-girl did was to laugh in a cracked voice until she had to sit down, so I hung micycle No. 3 on her hat and left her.

Micycling days are over, thank goodness, so having told you everything I can remember about micycles I need never mention the vile things again.

ERIC.

○ ○

Sorry, No Vitamins.

How people give parties
I just don't know;

It's all I can do
To go.

J. B. B.

○ ○

"Mr. G. Nicholson (Cons., Farnham) said that everyone would be opposed to racial differences being introduced in the wrong direction? After all, in agreed on that. Was there not a danger that the balance was being thrown in the wrong direction? After all, in the majority of these offences—The remainder of Mr. Nicholson's observations were lost in cries of protest."

Daily paper.

Couldn't quite hear what he said,
perhaps.



Toller Explains

To Cricket Club Carnival Committee.

DEAR COLONEL STUMPER,—I am so sorry I shall be away for to-morrow's meeting to wind up affairs after the Carnival. I enclose notes on matters discussed over the phone.

The main matter of the loss of the sight-screen is involved in the general misunderstanding over the Cricket Tableau and over the lorry detailed to carry the tableau in the Carnival procession.

On this subject it will be recalled that, although I expressed myself willing to think of ideas for the tableau, I made it quite clear I was unable to organize it; this work falling naturally to those other members I suggested with more experience of dramatics.

Thus, after the acceptance of the idea of a type of ragged tableau, featuring local boys in obvious need of the cricket gear for which we appealed, my work in the matter was properly over, beyond a promise to furnish suitable slogans for the sides and rear of the lorry.

The various boys who subsequently reported to me were presumed to do so in error and were in every case referred back to yourself, sir, after I had given them a brief outline of the idea to maintain their keenness in the tableau.

It was not, indeed, until approximately three-quarters of an hour before Decorated Vehicles were due in the castle grounds that the phone rang, as I was leaving the house for my duties with the Penny Tarpaulin in the procession, to say that the lorry was waiting in the station yard and to intimate for the first time that the entire organization of the tableau had, in fact, been left to me.

When I reached it the lorry seemed normally used for coal. It was in an effort to give it some sort of cricket atmosphere that I returned to the pavilion to borrow one of the canvas sight-screens. The reason that the ropes tethering the sight-screen to the poles were cut instead of untied lies partly in the character of whoever secured these ropes and partly in the fact that less than half an hour remained before the start-time for the tableau.

I also borrowed from the pavilion

the other gear referred to—including an old bat which I had no means of telling carried sentimental associations from India.

The cutting of turf from what now appears to have been scheduled by the station-master as a lawn in the programme for improving the station, was done by the boys I left behind with the lorry. My instructions had been to pluck grass and sprinkle it on the lorry floor to simulate a cricket-field. The grass apparently blew away. It is quite likely that I condoned the work of turf-cutting in the words quoted by the station authorities, since this also solved the problem of how to make the stumps stand up, which was essential to the tableau.

With regard to the beard of the boy-character representing W. G. Grace, all I can recall is that one boy said he knew where he could procure horse-hair. It is improbable, as charged by the railway, that he deliberately ripped a carriage-seat when to my knowledge several of the compartments on our line openly offer horse-hair.

A great deal of further trouble was

gone to in arranging the tableau to extract full value from the main slogan "Put Our Young Cricketers on their Feet"—a theme pointed by the batsman having fallen over amusingly in making his shot.

Several other slogans, such as "Don't Let Our Lads Be Stumped for Cricket Gear," were chalked on the sides of the lorry; and, despite the initial loss overboard of most members of the tableau, I in fact succeeded myself in driving it to the castle grounds within a few minutes of the appointed time.

The lorry was parked in its place in the procession formed up on the castle drive, immediately behind the Women's Institute Jam-Making Tableau. I then took advantage of the interval allowed by the crowning of the Beauty Queen to search for a substitute driver, since I was still scheduled for one corner of the Penny Tarpaulin.

No permission was given to members of the cricket lorry to leave it for the Beauty Queen ceremony—indeed they had specific instructions to practise their poses.

The situation on my return was thus a complete shock. The complaint lodged officially against the Club by the Women's Institute on the score of damage to the rear of their tableau, the loss of twelve pots of jam and the use of ungentlemanly language is of course the concern of no club member but of the driver of this lorry, which we had been misled by phone to take in error.

Because of the almost immediate start of the procession, and my duties in it with the Penny Tarpaulin, I could do no more than give a brief explanation of the absence of the tableau to those members of the committee I happened to meet. It was thus not till later that an attempt was made to trace the lorry.

Full details of all slogans, the general appearance of the tableau-scene, and the missing equipment have been given to the police. Unfortunately we removed the lorry's tarpaulin when substituting the sight-screen and it is just possible that the driver is accepting this as an exchange.

Yours sincerely,
J. TOLLER.



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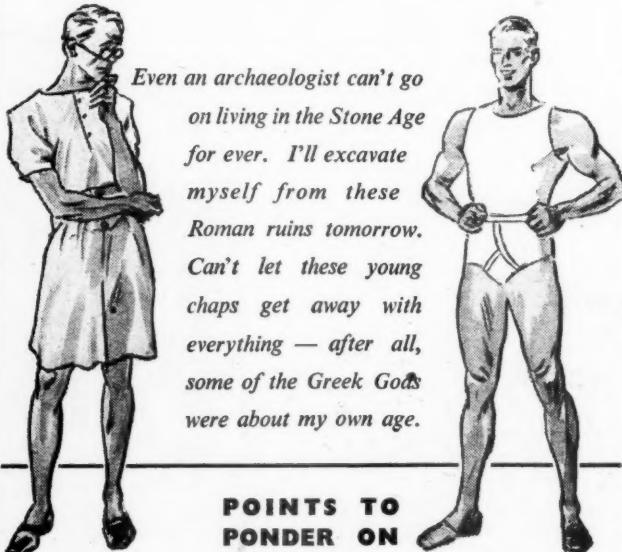
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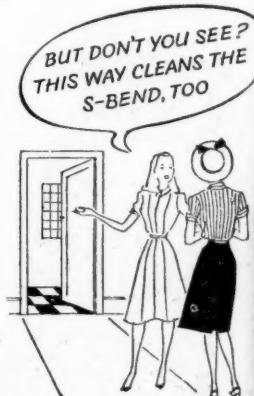
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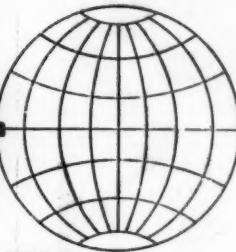
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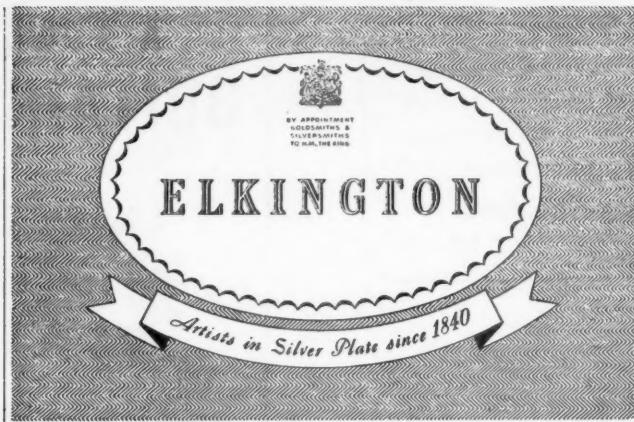
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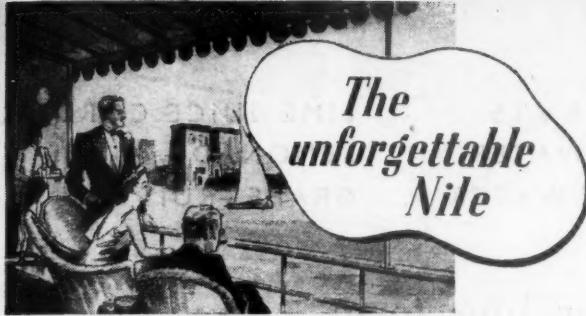
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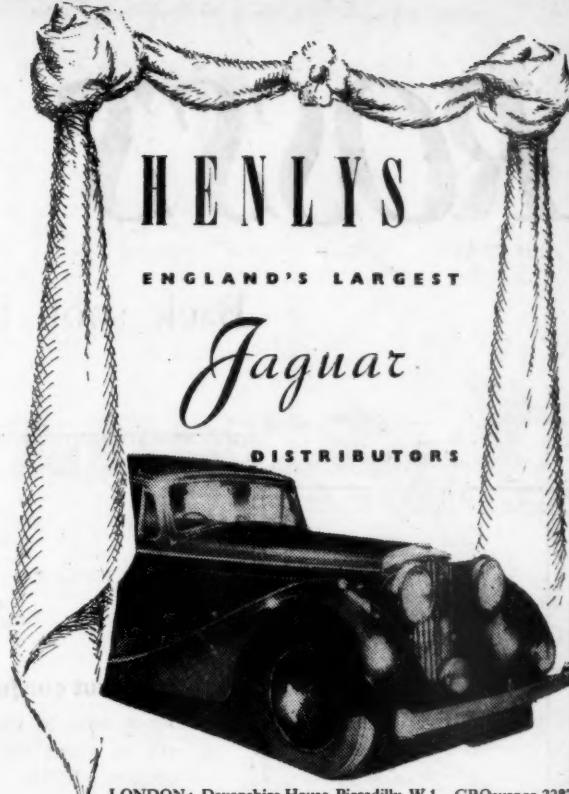
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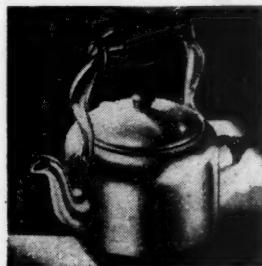
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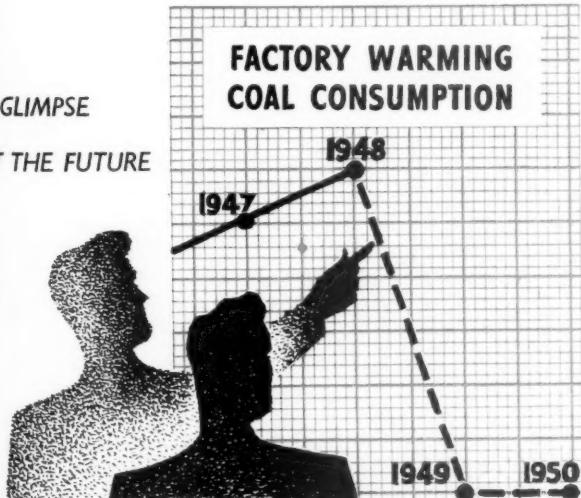
POWER TO SPARE



- so has an **OLDHAM**
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Her last bus...

(A TRUE INCIDENT IN A SUBURBAN STREET, THIS YEAR)

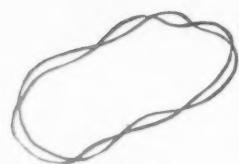
When this woman suddenly saw her bus, she forgot safety rules and made a dash for it. In that instant of forgetfulness, the car hit her. She died three hours later.

It was her own fault, of course. Our Highway Code (have you read it?) tells us of a simple Kerb Drill (paragraph 15) which can easily be made an unconscious habit. If she had made it so, she'd be alive, with her loved ones, today.

What of the hapless motorist? Well, he might have been a good

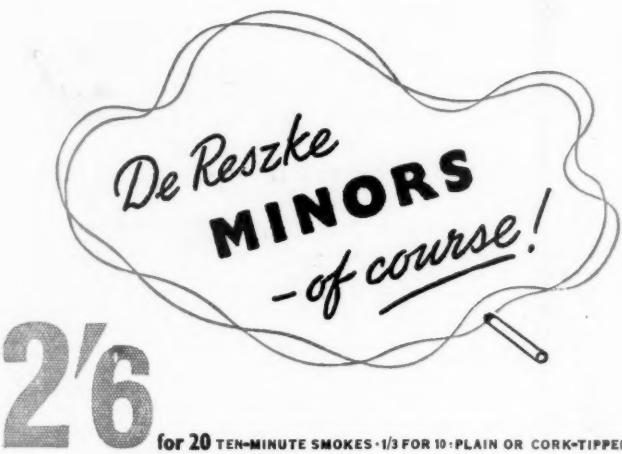
enough driver to save her. Page 29 of our Highway Code warns us to take special care near bus stops of the possibility of people suddenly crossing to board a vehicle. That, and the table of braking distances, might have governed his driving so that, expecting danger, he had just a second in hand to avoid it.

**KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD
LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE**



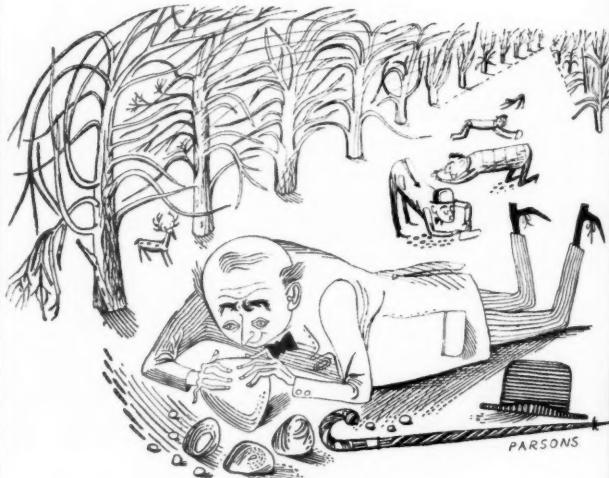
how do I afford as many good cigarettes as before?

Resourceful smokers are balancing their budgets yet smoking good cigarettes as often as before. Good cigarettes in a smaller size! De Reszke Minors, of course! . . . Instead of sacrifice or self-denial switch to De Reszke Minors and enjoy equally good tobacco—a little less at a time, but just as often!



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